

# The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

## ENGLAND AND GERMANY.



Mr. Arthur Lee, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, whose recent speech at Eastleigh on the reasons for the increase of the British North Sea Fleet has caused much excitement and astonishment in Germany.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



The Kaiser, whose inspired organs are denouncing Mr. Arthur Lee as a man who is anxious for Germany to tread on the tail of John Bull's coat.

## "DAILY MIRROR" FREE MATINEE AT THE LYCEUM.



The crowd outside the Lyceum Theatre yesterday afternoon just before the doors were opened for the *Daily Mirror* free matinee. The Lyceum Theatre is being managed this week by the *Daily Mirror* as an experiment to see if a high-class variety entertainment can be profitably given at moderate prices.—(*Daily Mirror* copyright.)



Although the *Daily Mirror* free matinee did not commence until three o'clock, a huge crowd had collected and long queues had formed in Wellington-street and the Strand some time before noon, as seen by this photograph, taken yesterday morning.—(*Daily Mirror* copyright.)



## PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL

## BIRTHS.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC



## ASSASSINATION IN FINLAND.

Senate Official Killed by a  
Revolver-shot.

## BLOODSHED IN POLAND.

Troops Fire on a Crowd and Kill  
and Wound Many.

STOCKHOLM, Monday.—The "Aftonblad" publishes a telegram from Helsingfors stating a man wearing the uniform of an officer to-day entered the residence of Herr Johansson, the Procurator of the Finnish Senate, and shot him with a revolver, killing him instantaneously.

Herr Johansson's son was wounded. The assassin, who was arrested, gave his name as Alexander Yadd.—Reuter.

Herr Johansson, who was a Finn, had made himself unpopular among his countrymen by his pro-Russian sympathies during his tenure of office.

## PREVIOUS ASSASSINATIONS.

Long List of Officials Condemned to Death  
by Revolutionaries.

Among many recent assassinations and attempts upon high Russian officials, the following may be noted:—

M. de Pichev, Minister of the Interior, killed by a bomb in St. Petersburg	1904
General Bobrikoff, Governor of Finland, shot at Helsingfors	1904
M. Jadovski, Russian Minister at Bern (attempted)	1904
General Bogdanovitch, Governor of Ufa, assassinated	1903
Prince Uvaroff (attempted)	1903
Prince Fagarin and Prince Sherbatoff, at Riazan (attempted)	1903
M. Sipiaguine, Minister of the Interior, assassinated	1902
General von Wahl, Governor of Riazan (attempted)	1902
Prince Obolenski, Governor of Kharkoff (attempted)	1902
M. Bessaroff, Chief of Police, assassinated at Kharkoff	1902
M. Bogoloff, Minister of Education, assassinated in St. Petersburg	1901

## MORE POLISH CONFLICTS.

Twenty Strikers Killed and Many Wounded  
by the Military.

LODZ, Monday.—A striker who was trying to force his way into a factory to-day was killed by a soldier.

Reports from Kalisz state that the situation there is very serious. The strike is general and there are continuous conflicts between the military and the strikers.

Twenty of the latter have been killed and many wounded.

SOSNOWICE (Russian Poland), Monday.—Traffic between Sosnowice and Cracow on the Vistula Railway has been suspended since Saturday, owing to the strike of the employés at Straszewitz Station and the damage done to the permanent way.

On the demand of the strikers, the high school (Realschule) has been closed since Wednesday and the commercial school since Friday.

## RIOTS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—Sporadic disturbances still occur here. At half-past one on Saturday morning a number of workmen created disorders in one of the suburbs. They were immediately charged and dispersed by Cossacks.—Reuter.

## STRIKE SPREADS IN BATUM.

BATUM, Monday.—The strike here is spreading with renewed vigour. All the factories are closed, with the exception of one, where work, however, is not in full swing. Many warehouses and shops are shut, and the loss to business is very great. The price of foodstuffs has risen. The streets are crowded, and patrols are maintaining order.

Owing to the fact that several miles of railway line have been wilfully damaged, passenger and goods traffic at the Samtredil Station has been suspended.—Reuter.

## 6,000 RESERVISTS MUTINY.

A St. Petersburg telegram to the "Petit Parisien" says it is reported that two regiments of reserves quartered at the Peterhof Barracks, numbering together about 6,000 men, have mutinied. The motive for the outbreak is unknown. The troops are confined to barracks and kept under close surveillance.—Central News.

## GENERALS QUARREL. "DAILY MIRROR" THEATRE WEEK.

Gripenberg Blames Kuropatkin for  
Making Him Lose 10,000 Men.

## KUROPATKIN RESIGNS?

A fresh version of the quarrel between Russian Generals is supplied by Reuter's St. Petersburg correspondent. According to this authority General Kuropatkin's resignation was under official consideration for some days. The difficulty was then solved by accepting the resignation of General Gripenberg.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" vouches for the authenticity of the following telegram sent to the General Staff by General Gripenberg:—

"I took fortified positions, but not having been supported in time I was obliged to retreat. In the course of my retreat I lost 10,000 men."

Other Parisian papers represent General Kuropatkin as suffering from cerebral anæmia, and about to return to St. Petersburg.

According to the "Figaro," there is not one atom of truth in the statement that the Generalissimo will be superseded.

## YEAR-OLD WAR.

A Manchurian correspondent at the "Novoe Vremya" states that the Russian army on the Hun-ho is now practically inactive.

The railway line from Liao-ning to Port Arthur is being worked by the Japanese, ten trains a day travelling each way.

Admiral Togo yesterday marked the anniversary of the inception of war by leaving Tokio to rejoin his fleet once more.

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

For the first time since the war began, telegraphic communication with Manchuria was yesterday suspended by the Russian Government.

This interesting fact was elicited by shipowners wiring to Vladivostok about the whereabouts of their steamers, for in every case the messages were returned to the senders marked "Wires under Russian Government control."

## BLOCKADE-RUNNERS STOPPED

Owners Demand High Figure for Cancelling  
Insurance.

Three steamers laden with coal, the Powderham, Easby Abbey, and Harberton, all bound for Vladivostok, are now stopped at Chinese ports at the instance of the underwriters.

Fears were entertained that if the vessels proceeded they would fall into the hands of the Japanese, and until negotiations could be completed for the cancellation of the contract the underwriters agreed to pay no demurrage.

Now, however, the owners and charterers are evidently determined to take full advantage of the nervousness of the underwriters, and are demanding 60 per cent. on the insurance value to cancel the insurance—a figure which would be equivalent almost to the sum which would have to be paid in the event of capture.

## SON'S GRUESOME WHIM.

Body of His Father Preserved in a Bath of  
Spirits.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday.—Most people are familiar with specimens preserved in museums by means of alcohol, but probably nowhere else than in Auvergne has it ever occurred to a man to preserve his father in this way.

It is, however, a fact that M. Hestor Granet, a well-known notary and archaeologist, living at Viverols, in the Puy de Dome district, has adopted this extraordinary method of paying respect to his father's remains.

The corpse reposes in a bath covered with cement and hermetically sealed.

Through a glass panel in one end it is possible to see the body. The complexion of the dead man is as ruddy and as fresh as in life.

The body rests in the chapel of the local cemetery, and the notary is always pleased to grant visitors permission to see the gruesome sight.

## OFFICERS CAUSED MUTINY.

Buenos Ayres, Monday.—The mutiny of the regiments in the provinces of Santa Fe was due to the fact that the officers mistook the men. The latter believed they were marching to fight the rebels, and, on discovering their mistake, refused to go into action. The officers escaped. All is calm here.—Reuter.

Successful Start of the Fair-priced  
Amusement Test.

## CROWDED HOUSES.

Free Matinee Audience Began to Gather  
Soon After Breakfast.

## COUPON FOR THE WEEK.

To-night's two performances at 7 and 9.15.

The special prices arranged by the "Daily Mirror" to-night and the rest of the week are as follows:—

Private Boxes	£1 1s. and 12s. 6d.	Pit-stalls	1s. 6d.
Stalls	2s. 6d.	Amphitheatre	6s. 6d.
Dress Circle	1s. 6d.	Gallery	6s. 3d.

Seats can be booked at the Lyceum, Wellington-street, Strand, any day from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

The man who said that people never valued what they got for nothing ought to have been at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday afternoon.

Everyone in the vast audience, which filled every corner of the fine house, had been admitted free. Nothing to pay. Simply to present a *Daily Mirror* coupon. Then the holder of the coupon had the best seat vacant.

Not value it! You should have heard them laugh—and shout—and clap their hands—and cheer for the *Daily Mirror* again and again.

"Appreciative?" said one of the performers, "why, we've never had such an audience. They started to applaud directly they even guessed what we were going to do."

The audience for the unreserved parts of the theatre began to gather soon after breakfast. At ten o'clock there was a good sprinkling of patient waiters at the doors. At eleven there was a crowd. By noon the approaches to the place began to be blocked. About one o'clock it seemed as if half London had gradually drifted into the neighbourhood of Wellington-street, and meant to try its luck at the only free performance it had ever heard of or was likely to hear of.

## GOOD-HUMoured CROWD.

However, the crowd was, as London crowds always are, easily handled. There was no rough element in it. Many of the people were certainly waiting outside a theatre door for the first time in their lives. Even when the doors opened there was very little struggling or pushing.

Seats were found quickly. In a few minutes pit and gallery were full. There was nothing left but to tell all the rest of the crowd that there were no more places, and that their best plan would be to come back in the evening.

Inside the time passed quickly enough watching the rest of the house fill. Holders of stall and circle tickets came early. They did not want to miss anything. By a quarter to three the theatre looked crowded already. What a sight! To look upon from the front of the stalls and see row upon row of eager faces away back to the furthest wall and right up to the very ceiling. "What a splendid house!" was an exclamation of delighted surprise that was constantly heard.

At three o'clock to the minute Mr. Louis de Reeder takes his place, taps with his baton, and begins the performance of his spirited *Daily Mirror* March, specially composed for this week. Very soon his melody, played with vigorous finish by the capital orchestra he directs, has quite won the audience. Everybody's foot is keeping time to it. The applause which is volleyed forth at the end is a genuine tribute to the instant success of Mr. de Reeder's music.

## NO TIME WASTED.

There is very little time to applaud though, for, see, the curtain parts already, and before you realise it—you who are accustomed to the leisurely methods that prevail elsewhere—a couple of acrobats are in the middle of their "act."

After them come, with no more space in between than to look round and say "wasn't that wonderful," or "funny"—as the case may be—a "coon" singer, with a fine, big voice, greatly appreciated; a ventriloquist, with so many comical surprises that you wait half a dozen pairs of eyes to see what is happening all at the end is once a Japanese troupe, who do really marvellous things; performing dogs; a step-dancer of astonishing skill and sang-froid; and a very funny pantomime, in which comic burglars are chased in and out of a house by still more comic policemen, until

you wonder whether any of them have any bones left unbroken!

At one period it had begun to be hot. Three thousand people in a theatre, however airy and roomy it is, use up the air pretty fast. But at the first suspicion of stuffiness the sliding roof "slid," and the free air came in unchecked. You could look up and see the open sky above you. No possibility of being uncomfortably hot or headache here.

Now, however, they are closing the roof for the moment. What is coming next? The gorgeous footmen put up No. 9. The programme tells us that No. 9 is a selection from Gounod's "Faust." What, "Faust" in a variety theatre—and sung by famous singers from the Grand Opera and the Opera Comique in Paris and the world-renowned Opera House at Nice!

Yes, that is No. 9. "A daring experiment," you say. "A striking novelty—isn't it too striking? Will the audience appreciate it?" Well, just listen. It is the scene in Margaret's prison, where Faust appeals to her to fly. It is finely sung, with thrilling dramatic effect. Several times applause begins only to be hushed down, so that the scene may not be interrupted.

Margaret learns of Faust's bargain with Mephistopheles. She repulses him with horror. The music wails and sobs. She falls back dead. Faust bends over her in unavailing agony. Then the wall of the prison disappears and Margaret's soul is seen borne aloft by angels. Mephistopheles, in rage, draws his sword against the vision. The blade is powerless. He falls back vanquished. The curtain closes in.

## SINGERS STARTLED BY APPLAUSE.

Then hear the applause! From every part of the house it comes. There is no mistake about it; the experiment has succeeded beyond our hopes. The audience leaves us in no doubt as to its appreciation. Almost startled by the enthusiasm the singers look, as they bow their acknowledgments. What a lesson for the people who declare that anything really good is above the heads of the masses! What a hint the *Daily Mirror* offers to variety theatres all over the country.

After this we are in for more amusement. "Eccentrics" the Cattaneos call themselves, and they certainly deserve their title. Then the funniest "turn" of the whole—the Harmony Four. What faces! And what music they make. And how "Happy Hooligan" rushes in and out interrupting it. Why, if there is anyone who is not amused by it he could hardly help laughing in sympathy with the laughter that rocks the house. Assuredly he could not resist the shrill childish scream of delight that comes from the circle and bears witness to the complete enjoyment of one small member of the audience.

## RACING IN MID-AIR.

Finally, the "Interesting Story"—an inimitable biograph series, about which everyone will be talking in a few days; and the fearful joy of the "motor sensation"—motor-bicycles "racing in mid-air on the bottomless track." This is the last word in feats which depend for their attraction upon their difficulty, with a spice of danger thrown in. The house literally holds its breath. But all ends safely and the graceful girl, with the three athletic young men who have ridden such an amazing race, bow and smile as if it were nothing at all out of the way.

Then the house parts on its hats and coats, and with a deep-drawn sigh, partly of gratitude to the *Daily Mirror*, partly of regret that it is over, makes its way out. Very quickly the theatre and the corridors empty. Speedily the crowd melts away in the cold light of the February afternoon. The free matinee is a thing of the past. There remains only the memory of its complete success.

At one o'clock a police officer estimated that there were 8,000 people outside the Lyceum.

Twenty policemen from Bow-street controlled the crowd with ease.

Hundreds of people came too late, and turned away when they saw the crowds ahead of them.

Good humour and patience were the chief characteristics of the *Daily Mirror* readers yesterday afternoon.

The police arranged matters so admirably that the ordinary traffic along the Strand and Wellington-street was not interfered with in any way.

## TO-NIGHT'S PERFORMANCES.

The first performance to-night, beginning at seven o'clock, will terminate exactly at nine, and the second performance, beginning at 9.15, will close at 11.15.

The coupon printed below entitles the holder to admission at the cheap prices printed thereon to either of the performances this evening or to any one of the performances advertised for this week:—

## "DAILY MIRROR" LYCEUM WEEK.

THIS COUPON WILL ADMIT THE HOLDER to the Lyceum Theatre for any one of the advertised performances to-night or during this week at the following prices:—

Private Boxes (to hold four)	£1 1s. & 12s. 6d.	PIT-STALLS	1s. 6d.
Stalls	2s. 6d.	AMPHITHEATRE	6s. 6d.
Dress Circle	1s. 6d.	GALLERY	6s. 3d.

Excepting the Amphitheatre and Gallery, all seats can be reserved on application with this Coupon to the Box Office, Lyceum Theatre, Strand.

February 7, 1905.



## THE REVIVAL.

Dr. Torrey Makes His Audience Uncomfortable.

### FINANCE QUESTION.

Dr. Torrey sprang a surprise upon the vast audience at Albert Hall yesterday afternoon. Instead of delivering an evangelistic address, as commonly understood, he made a bayonet charge upon formal Christianity.

At the risk of offending the susceptibilities of his hearers, amongst whom ladies were a majority of three to one, he cut to the quick with the most terrific onslaught of plain-speaking that a London audience ever listened to from any preacher. Towards the close of his address he spoke with equal candour of the Press thus:—

"People are asking, Is there to be a revival in London? Well, if newspaper kindness can make a revival, there is to be one, for I never knew the Press anywhere to do so much to advance a cause as the Press of London has done for this. But the Press cannot make a revival. (Hear, hear.)

The missionary's voice grew more earnest as he went on:—

"I will tell you what can make a revival. If you and I will give ourselves to God to-day to be used by Him in leading to Christ the ones that you and I can touch, we will have the beginnings of a mighty revival inside of twenty-four hours in London."

With unflinching directness, Dr. Torrey probed the souls of professing Christians, sparing nobody's feelings, and enforcing his arguments by means of anecdotes gleaned from personal experience. His voice rang like a trumpet as he point-blank challenged Christians, with searching questions, his fervour broadening the American accent that enhances his power of declamation.

"If I were to ask those among you to rise—don't be afraid, I'm not going to do it—who have obeyed Christ's command and become soul-winners, how many of you could honestly get up off your seats?"

Time and again he returned to this threatened test question, until there were symptoms of apprehension in the crowded stalls lest he should reconsider his former assurance and appeal to thorough-going Christians to proclaim their loyalty by standing.

It was almost with a sigh of relief that the audience heard him turn aside from this personal vein.

At the afternoon meeting were a good many actors and actresses.

At least a dozen private carriages stood outside the Albert Hall during service, many bearing the crests of nobility.

Mr. Alexander asked those to sing "Hold the Fort" who had sung that hymn during the Moody and Sankey revival. Thousands responded.

Mrs. Alexander remained half-an-hour in consultation with lady after-workers, whom the evangelist's wife makes her special care.

### "PENTECOSTAL DANCERS" TO MOVE.

Tenancy of the Lambeth Public Baths will not be renewed to the "Camberwell Dancers." The borough council state that they were unaware of the exact identity of the applicants when the "Dancers" were first granted the use of the baths.

### FATHER OF TWENTY-TWO CHILDREN.

Counsel stated in the Probate Division yesterday that a man, whose death he applied leave to presume, had twenty-two children.

Sir J. Gorell Barnes: What?

Mr. Dell: He had twenty-two children.

### WROTE HIS OWN DEATH CERTIFICATE.

"This is to certify that Mark Roche, aged twenty-two, height 5ft., weight five score and ten pounds, ceased to exist on Saturday last at a quarter past twelve. What is home without comfort? I am going to see for myself what is in the next world. This world is no good for me."

The above message having been left by Mark Roche, who was a tailor's presser at Blackburn, the police yesterday dragged the canal for the body.

Contractors to H.M. Government.

The Children's Breakfast.

## CREAMY PLASMON OATS

Require no milk. Cooked in 4 minutes.

PLASMON OATS make twice as much porridge as any other oats or BREAKFAST FOOD.

## "YE MACKTOMISH."

More About the Eccentricities of the Scotch Sheriff.

The action by his nephews to set aside the will of the late Sheriff Thoms, on the ground that his eccentricities amounted to insanity, was continued at Edinburgh yesterday.

A nephew—the heir-at-law, who only got £170 a year under the will, instead of £50,000 as residuary legatee—said his uncle invented the title "Ye Macktomish," and repeated it so often that he came to believe it.

He presented his nephew with a copy of the book "The Family of the McCombie and Thomas." He insisted upon his nephew assuming the name of MacThomas, and said it would cost him a mint of money if he did not do so.

The sheriff had the delusion that he was poor, whereas his average income for the past six years amounted to £3,000 a year, and the total estate left at his death was £80,000.

The sheriff on his death-bed was a pitiable spectacle, and a nephew gathered that he wanted to alter his will.

Mr. Murray, a solicitor of Thurso, said that some time before his resignation the agents in the London Sheriffs' Court did not consider Sheriff Thoms mentally fit to discharge his duties. He insisted on having a man tried for stealing his own horse.

REV. F. B. MEYER,



Pastor of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge-road, who is supporting Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander at the great revival mission, now being conducted at the Albert Hall. (Moysse.)

## PIOUS SULTAN.

Sheikh Recites Prayers and Reads Koran to Zanzibar's Ruler.

Seyyid Ali Hamoud, the Sultan of Zanzibar, timorous possibly of the "mobbing" instincts of a curious crowd, clings to the seclusion of his rooms at the Carlton Hotel.

Each day, at noon, the young ruler kneels on a prayer-mat in his sitting-room and prostrates himself towards Mecca, while Sheikh Serhan recites the prayers and reads a chapter from the Koran.

The Sultan denies himself to all callers, save Sir Clement Hill, from the Foreign Office, but the hotel officials have an arduous task in saving him from a legion of representatives of firms desiring to sell him all manner of goods.

## NOT TO GO TO THE BANK

Despite the fact that the Great Northern and City Tube Railway carried 5,297,595 passengers during the past half-year, showing an increased earning of over 48 per cent., the Earl of Lauderdale at yesterday's meeting said it was not proposed to make the extension to Lothbury owing to the condition of the money market and the difficulty of raising capital.

A shareholder protested against this, and said if the extension were made the traffic would be doubled.

## NEW "TUBES" FOR LONDON.

Yesterday the Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton Railway (No. 2) Bill was ordered to be reported for the first reading.

The principal new "tubes" for which power to construct is now being sought are: High-road, Chiswick, to Knightsbridge (four miles), and Agnes-road, Acton, to Holland-road, Kensington (two miles).

Mr. Graham Murray, the new Lord Justice General of Scotland, will not pursue his intention of taking the extinct title of Lord Lynedoch.

## WORLD OF MOTORS.

Cars Worth £500,000 Ready for the Olympia Show.

The Motor-car Show, which opens at Olympia next Friday, will be the largest yet seen, easily beating the great display held in Paris.

No fewer than 750 cars will be exhibited, to say nothing of the motor-boat and motor-omnibus section, which will be both representative and novel.

There are about 300 exhibitors, and the value of their exhibits is estimated at £500,000.

Olympia, by the aid of 600 workmen, has been tastefully laid out in eighty avenues, where stands of artistic design will be bright with the radiance of 20,000 incandescent lamps.

"A gratifying feature this year," said Mr. H. A. Blackie, the manager, to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "is the large number of English exhibitors."

Three years ago only one car in ten was British. This year the proportion is about equal."

## "HOW I WOULD SPEND 6d."

The Schoolboys' Popular Choice for Sweets and for Fruits.

The problem of "How I would spend sixpence," says the monthly record of Toynbee Hall, has been propounded in an elementary school, and some curious answers have been received from boys between ten and thirteen.

The pleasures of the palate are overwhelmingly in the ascendant, sweets, fruit, and the like being the most popular form of spending the money. Several express a desire for "dictionaries," and for halfpenny comics.

One boy, however, is destined to make his way in the world. He says: "If I were to have sixpence I would make ninepence out of it. I would buy for threepence some pears, and give threepence to the shopkeeper, that would make sixpence, and he would give me threepence change, that would make ninepence."

## HOUSEMAID IN THE "HOUSE."

Army of Cleaners Getting Ready for the Beginning of the Session.

For the first time for many months there was bustle and movement about the Houses of Parliament yesterday.

The opening of the Session is at hand, and the carpets upon which the feet of honourable members rest were laid after the necessary beating and cleaning, and housemaids, brush and duster in hand, flitted about the rooms restoring them to their usual state of solemn magnificence.

After these preliminaries the great vacuum cleaner, worked by great steam boilers, was set to work. Its mighty buzz reverberated through the buildings as it removed every remaining atom of dust.

There are very few alterations to the House this year. The chief are a new large electric ventilating fan in the corridor leading to the lobby, and an electric lift to the Press Gallery.

## CABINET PREPARES FOR THE SESSION.

A meeting of the Cabinet took place at the Foreign Office yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Balfour presided, and the only absentee was Mr. Wyndham. Ministers were mainly engaged with the consideration of the terms of the royal speech for the opening of Parliament.

## "C.B." AND CHINESE LABOUR.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in a letter published in the "Birmingham Mail," says that Mr. Balfour's statement that the Liberal Opposition, if called to power, will not abolish Chinese labour, is "entirely without authority or foundation."

## BUDGET INTENTIONS.

"I understand that the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to double the contribution to the universities in the next Budget."

Mr. Chamberlain made this important announcement yesterday at Birmingham where, as Chancellor, he presided over the yearly meeting of the Court of Governors of the Birmingham University.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has presumably decided on the broad outlines of his forthcoming Budget, and Mr. Chamberlain is acquainted with some of his son's proposals.

## GOLD TOO PLENTIFUL

Lord Munkswell, in a letter to a London daily paper, warns the public that the enormous output of gold from the Rand will seriously harass commerce.

The world's output in 1890 was £25,000,000. Last year it was more than £70,000,000. It may rise to £100,000,000.

This must sooner or later lead to a disturbing rise in prices, which, when the Rand supply is exhausted, will drop, with serious effects to trade.

## WRECKED BY GAS.

Railway Station Shattered by an Extraordinary Explosion.

### THREE MEN INJURED.

A most extraordinary gas explosion, in which four railway employees were seriously injured, occurred at the High Level Station, Wolverhampton, yesterday morning.

The explosion took place in the general waiting-room, at a time when a number of porters and other railwaymen were chatting there.

The effect of the explosion was to throw the men violently down and to wreck the waiting-room completely. Two doors and all the windows were blown out, and the ceiling and part of the roof were destroyed.

The inspector's office, which adjoined the waiting-room, fared little better. Furniture was scattered in all directions, one leg of a table being lodged in the framework of the roof in a horizontal position.

The windows of a train standing at the platform were shattered.

Telegraph and telephone wires were torn from their places, and a lamp fifty yards away was shattered to fragments.

The injured men, three of whom belong to Walsall and the fourth to Bloxwich, were treated at the General Hospital.

## WHAT ARE SUNSPOTS?

Sir Norman Lockyer Confesses That He is Entirely in the Dark.

"Save in the sense that sunspots are always abnormal, there is nothing abnormal about the present one," said Sir Norman Lockyer to a *Daily Mirror* representative, yesterday, at the South Kensington Museum Observatory, where he and his assistants are keeping that sunspot under observation day and night.

"At the usual rate of progress," he said, "it will have crossed the sun's surface in rather less than a week from now."

"The cause of sunspots? Who shall speak? Literature on the subject is voluminous. I have freely contributed to it myself. But after a life-long observation of solar phenomena I am forced to the conclusion that I know very little concerning sunspots."

## COWS IN THE PARK.

Old Ladies Confident That Their Appeal to the King Will Succeed.

Mrs. C. Barry and Mrs. Kitchen, the Mall cow-keepers, are waiting for the reply of Lord Windsor, First Commissioner of Works, to their protest against summary ejectment from their historic "pitches."

"They assured the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that they feel confident they will not be treated harshly. 'Lord Windsor is a gentleman,' remarked Mrs. Kitchen in a tone of conviction.

Nevertheless, a letter has been addressed to his Majesty, as the supreme authority.

Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Kitchen recognise that the cowsheds, which, at this season of the year, are empty, and the refreshment stalls must be removed, but they claim adequate compensation, instead of the £10 each offered.

## AMERICAN "BLUE BLOOD."

"When I heard of an American girl marrying a European prince, whose blood has been decaying for three or four centuries, and whose ancestors were undoubtedly robber barons," said Bishop Smith, of Philadelphia, "I did not feel that I could congratulate her parents."

Such alliances, according to the speaker, were synonymous with an era of lawlessness in America unknown to the sturdy and God-fearing Pilgrim Fathers. A lawyer had told him that for £5,000 he could commit any crime, from murder downwards, with perfect impunity.

## "OLDEST ADMIRAL'S" WILL.

Estate valued at £20,210 net has been left by the late Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, K.C.B., probate of whose will has just been granted to his nephew, Sir Montague Frederick Ommanney, and Mr. Lionel Robert Temple Frere. The distinguished Admiral was present at the battle of Navarino, and was ninety years old when he died.

## PRINCESS VICTORIA.

It was ascertained at Buckingham Palace yesterday that Princess Victoria continues to progress most favourably.

It is understood that as soon as removal is practicable the Princess will leave London, but no date has been fixed at present.



**"LOVELY WOMAN."**

Amusing Features in Mr. Crosland's Libel Action.

**HISTORY'S BLACK LIST.**

"Lovely Woman" was the subject to which the Court presided over by Mr. Justice Darling devoted itself yesterday—"Lovely Woman," as criticised in "Lovely Man."

There are two recent publications, entitled "Lovely Woman," and "Lovely Man," respectively, the first by that humorist, "Sui Generis," Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, the second by A. Crosspatch, assisted by G. E. Farrow.

The second is by way of being a travesty of the first.

But Mr. Crosland did not think that "travesty" warranted Mr. Farrow in writing a certain passage in "Lovely Man." The passage ran:—

"If all married men were like unto Mr. Crosland widowhood, one would imagine, would be far the happier state for their wives."

So Mr. Crosland brought an action for libel against Mr. Farrow and his publisher, Mr. Skeffington.

"For libel" was what the pleadings and Mr. Powell, K.C., Mr. Crosland's counsel, said. But Mr. Gill, K.C., had another theory, which he put without reserve before the Court. The action was brought, not in reality, "for libel," he declared, but "for advertisement."

During an eloquent opening speech on the subject of lovely women in general, Mr. Powell felt himself constrained, in the interests of his client, to mention some women whose loveliness had been rather of feature and form than of character. Here is the list:—

**"Unlovely" Women.**

Jehel, wife of Ahab. Thrown from a tower by the order of Jehu.

Sapphira, wife of Ananias. Struck dead for deceit.

Messalina, wife of Claudius Caesar. Infamous for her love intrigues.

Agrippina, also a wife of Claudius. Mother of Nero. She poisoned Claudius, and was afterwards assassinated by the order of her own son.

Lucrécia Borgia. One of the worst characters of the fifteenth century. She is supposed to have poisoned four husbands.

Catherine II. of Russia. Renowned for a thousand gallantries and cruelties.

Catherine Wilson. A nurse who persuaded her patients to make wills in her favour, and then poisoned them.

When it was announced that the famous author was not going to give evidence on his own behalf, Mr. Gill, almost with tears of disappointment in his eyes, drew attention to the fact that the author in question was not occupying the usual prominent place of a plaintiff—in front of his counsel. Mr. Crosland was standing at the back of the court, just like an ordinary spectator, Mr. Gill complained. And yet, Mr. Gill added, the author of "Lovely Woman" had lately displayed a remarkable taste for litigation in person, and had been spending most of his time in the courts.

But, in spite of Mr. Gill's lamentations and openly expressed desire to cross-examine, Mr. Crosland did not offer to go into the box.

**Opinions About Dukes.**

Accordingly, counsel had to content himself with reading what he called "pearls" from "Lovely Woman"—Mr. Crosland's opinions about dukes, Miss Elizabeth Thornycroft Fowler, "Blitherers," etc.

With regard to Miss Fowler, Mr. Justice Darling pointed out that Mr. Crosland would have acted much more gracefully if, instead of wishing that Miss Fowler had never been born, he had wished that she had been born in the upper classes. ("Lovely women" called her "vulgar, slangy, and middle-class.")

Mr. Richard Smith, a well-known Manchester barrister and journalist, is dead.

**BREAKING STONES.**

Mayor and Vicar Do a Day's Labour To Test Complaints.

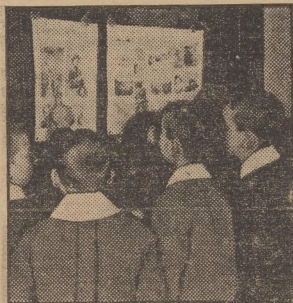
Voluntarily labouring, among "horny-handed sons of toil," to test the nature of the work given out to the unemployed and the pauper, were two amateurs yesterday.

Mr. Tom White, Mayor of Lewisham, and the Rev. T. C. Morris, vicar of St. Mark's, Lewisham, spent the day breaking stones at their borough council's depot in Moleworts-street, where a yard has been opened for the unemployed.

Many of the unemployed, to whom work at stone-breaking has been allotted, have registered a complaint that their task was more than a little too hard for them.

The vicar and the mayor, feeling that as their walk and work in life was a very different thing they might not be in a proper position to judge of the complaint, determined to take off their coats and "try their experience."

They did so, and are now sleeping on it. The unemployed are hoping it was hard for them, very hard.

**'DAILY MIRROR' IN LONDON SCHOOLS.**

Some boys in the classroom of one of the largest London County Council schools examining and discussing a recent issue of the "Daily Mirror." It is the custom in many schools to suspend the "Daily Mirror" in the classrooms, and it is always the centre of an inquiring crowd.

**LAWSON ILL.**

Hooley's Associate Fails to Surrender to His Bail at the Old Bailey.

Harry John Lawson, who unsuccessfully appealed against the sentence of twelve months' imprisonment, passed upon him for obtaining money by false pretences, did not surrender to his bail at the Old Bailey yesterday.

Mr. Lawson, junior, said his father was in bed suffering from his heart, and asked the Recorder to adjourn the case till to-day, to allow of the doctor being called to give evidence in support of the certificate (produced).

The Recorder said that if proper evidence was not put before him to-day he would have to issue a bench warrant.

He might, however, be able to extend the recognisances till to-morrow.

**CURATE'S STRANGE GUEST.**

Enterprising Tramp Who Ate a Ham and Wore a Clerical Coat.

When the landlady of the Rev. A. R. Tucker, junior curate of St. James's Church, Louth, made her early morning visit to her lodger's sitting-room, she found a man wrapped in a clerical overcoat, asleep on the couch.

She thought he was the curate's friend. His boots were by the side of the curate's on the floor. But when she cleaned the boots she was surprised at their poor quality.

When she saw the visitor's face she was more surprised. He looked like a tramp. More so, when, without waiting for breakfast, he put on his boots and left the house.

Subsequent search revealed the fact that he had already eaten the best part of a large ham. Moreover, the scullery window had been forced with a crowbar, and Mr. Tucker had not invited a guest. Yesterday the mysterious visitor, Charles Backstrom, a German-American, was called upon for explanations at the Louth Police Court.

**CONSTANTINIDI DIVORCE APPEAL.**

A stay of execution in the Constantinidi divorce case, in which record damages of £25,000 were returned against Dr. Lane, the co-respondent, was granted by Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday, pending the appeal from the judgment of Sir Francis Jeune.

**MANY TRAGEDIES.**

Unexplained Suicide of a Well-known Solicitor.

**COMMODORE'S WIFE SHOT.**

Seldom are so many sad deaths of well-known local men reported in one day as was the case yesterday.

In his offices in Coleman-street, Mr. G. B. W. Digby, a solicitor, was found shot dead at about eleven in the morning. By his side was a revolver loaded in several chambers, and it was evident his wound was self-inflicted.

In the office a note was found, in which one of the clerks was asked to communicate with Mrs. Digby.

He was a middle-aged man, and it was understood he was free from all pressing domestic troubles.

But it may be that the loss of his favourite son, a promising cadet at an Army school, six months ago, may have weighed on his mind.

**Son's Horror.**

"I'll give him till twelve, and then I will go and look for him." So said the son of Mr. G. D. Wright, a dancing-master, of Lisson-grove, Marylebone, referring to his father, who was late. A few minutes after, to his horror, he found his father lying dead in a lavatory, with a shot through his head and a discharged revolver before him on the floor.

Having passed the night with an ailing child, Mrs. W. J. Streek, the wife of a master plumber, of Blackheath, went to call her husband up at six in the evening.

For two hours she called from time to time in vain. Then she had the door broken open. Her husband was found dead. At his side was a tumbler which had contained enough oxalic acid to kill six men, and a letter saying:—

"I am feeling very depressed, dreadfully depressed. I am trying to do what is not possible. My poor brain reels. God bless all."

Streek, who had been low-spirited after influenza, was found by a Lewisham jury to have poisoned himself whilst insane.

**Commodore's Wife.**

In the fourth case Mrs. Thompson, wife of the Commodore, Captain Thompson, of the City of Dublin mail steamers, was yesterday found shot through the temple at her residence at Holyhead.

An open verdict was returned yesterday at an inquest at Caperby, Wensley Dale, Yorkshire, concerning the death of Mr. Thomas E. Bryers, a solicitor, whose dead body was found lying by the side of the River Ure at the Lower Falls at Aysgarth.

His widow said that she had received a letter from her husband on Thursday, in which he said that he suffered excruciating pain, and was almost demented.

**MISSING BARRISTER.**

Motherless Children Now in the Care of the Workhouse Authorities.

Having been missing from his house in Niton-street, Fulham Palace-road, since January 16, it is now feared that Mr. C. R. de Villiers, a barrister, has met with some harm.

Mr. de Villiers, who recently lost his wife, left home in the ordinary way, leaving his two children in charge of his housekeeper.

When, after some days, Mr. de Villiers did not return, the housekeeper consulted her friends, and the two children were handed over to the care of the parish authorities.

The elder of the two children, a pretty girl of five, is in the receiving home, while the other child, quite a baby, is in the infirmary.

**THOUGHT HIMSELF WEALTHY.**

Theatrical Manager Charged with Stealing £200 Worth of P.O. Orders.

Walking into the Plymouth Post Office, James A. Cook, theatrical manager of the "Earl and the Girl" company, applied for 200 £1 postal orders, and left without paying.

Followed and charged with theft, Cook said he had a cheque to pay, but no cheque was found on him.

At Devonshire Assizes at Exeter, yesterday, it was stated that Cook suffered under the delusion that he was possessed of great wealth, and he was ordered to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

**DOCTOR CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.**

Dr. William Yelverton Davenport, of Ashford, Middlesex, was charged at Spelthorne Sessions yesterday with having bigamously married Harriet Pain Morgan in 1899, his first wife, whom he married in 1879, being then alive.

**BROTHER'S LETTER.**

Strange Epistle Which Suggested the Dissolution of a Marriage.

A marriage made in India in 1884, between Mr. James Lushington Taylor, a railway official, and his wife, Sophia Emily Taylor, was dissolved by Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday.

It was the husband's petition, but a remarkable story was told of how the wife urged him to institute proceedings.

The marriage did not turn out very happily, and in 1899, after a disagreement about Mrs. Taylor's behaviour towards a certain gentleman, a separation for five years was agreed upon, Mrs. Taylor coming to England.

Here Mr. Taylor visited her some little time afterwards, and they made up their quarrel to the extent of living together for a while. Then Mr. Taylor returned to India.

It was then that he received a letter from his wife's brother that took him completely by surprise. The letter began:—

"Dear Lushington,—You will no doubt be surprised at what I have to say. You may condemn me for my presumption. . . . You know Fleischer is ready. I gather if Dolly were free he would be ready to make her his wife."

The letter went on to remark on the shortcomings of the divorce laws.

Mr. Taylor afterwards ascertained that his wife knew the contents of the letter, and finding that the present divorce laws were sufficient for his purpose, he fell in with her desire by filing a petition.

**MARRIED OR NOT?**

Englishwoman Not Sure Whether She Is the Wife of a Russian.

A young Englishwoman wanted the Bow-street magistrate yesterday to tell her whether she was safely married or single.

She married, she said, a Russian, in a London Protestant church. Her husband had now gone to Russia, and had written to tell her that as his marriage with her was not in Russia he intended to get married again.

Mr. Marsham: Do you want to get married again?—Oh, no.

You are quite satisfied?—Yes. If my husband marries again shall I be married or single?

Mr. Marsham thought that in that case she could get a divorce. He would, however, look into the matter and advise her later.

**THE ALIEN PEST.**

After a Life of Law-breaking a Foreigner Appeals to English Justice.

Sir Forrest Fulton, K.C., the City Recorder, referred at some length to the admittance of criminal aliens into this country, in addressing the Grand jury yesterday at the opening of the February Sessions at the Old Bailey.

The Recorder said an Italian named Rebuffo, who had spent many years in prison for crimes, the least of which was robbery with violence, was seeking the protection of the English law, it being alleged that another alien had attempted to murder him.

Surely some inquiry should be made into the character of these dangerous foreigners before they were allowed to land here, said the Recorder. If they had committed crimes in their own country they would do so again here.

The number of prisoners awaiting trial this sessions is not large, and there are few very serious offences. There are seventy-five prisoners.

The Deptford murder is the most serious case. To-day the Bank of England note forgery trial will commence.

**BOY'S GRUESOME DEED.**

Having received permission to see the body of a little boy, who lay dead in his father's house at Notting Hill, a ten-year-old boy stole two half-crowns which had been placed on the dead child's eyelids to keep them closed.

As the coins were taken off the child's eyes opened. The thief was yesterday ordered to be punished at Marylebone.

**CLARK'S BLOOD MIXTURE**  
THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.  
is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. In case of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world.  
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Beware of Imitations.

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Exquisitely Enamelled (in ruby, green, or blue)  
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Set with Pearls  
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## "DAILY MIRROR" GENERAL ELECTION.

Our Canvassers' Returns for the  
Midland Counties.

### MORE LIBERAL GAINS.

Our canvass to-day predicts the probable results of the next election in the Midland Counties.

It will be seen that, in spite of three surprising defeats, the Liberals continue to make headway.

The general position this morning is as follows:—

	1900.	Next Election.
*Conservatives .....	317	257
Liberals .....	114	194
*Conservatives and Liberal Unionists are totalled together.		

A comparative table showing the political representation of Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and Worcestershire in 1900 and the expected position at the next election is appended:—

		1900		Coming Election.	
	Seats.	C	L	C	L
1-Derbyshire .....	9	2	7	3	7
2-Leicestershire .....	6	2	4	0	6
3-Nottinghamshire .....	7	4	3	3	4
4-Oxfordshire .....	6	6	0	4	2
5-Staffordshire .....	17	12	5	10	7
6-Warwickshire .....	14	13	1	12	2
7-Worcestershire .....	8	8	0	7	1
	67	47	20	38	29

The greatest surprise this morning is the expected defeat of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, at Warwick and Leamington.

On the other hand, the anticipated defeat of Sir Arthur Hayter, a Front Bench Liberal, at Walsall, will come in the nature of a shock to the Radicals.

The constituencies which are likely to transfer their favours at the next election are the following:

#### LIBERAL GAINS (12).

Derbyshire, S.  
Leicestershire, E.  
\*Leicester.  
Nottingham, E.  
Oxfordshire, Mid.  
Oxfordshire, S.  
Staffordshire, Leek.  
Staffordshire, New-castle.  
West Bromwich.  
Wolverhampton, W.  
Warwick and Leamington.  
Worcester, N.

#### CONSERVATIVE GAINS (3).

Derbyshire, N.E.  
Walsall.  
Wolverhampton, S.

\*Labour gain.  
Net Liberal gain: Nine.

Appended are the expected results in detail:—

#### DERBYSHIRE.

North-East (Eckington)—Dr. J. Court (C.). Conservative gain.

South—Mr. H. H. Raphael (L.). Liberal gain.  
West (Wirksworth)—Mr. Victor Cavendish (L.U.). No change.

Mid—Mr. J. A. Jacoby (L.). No change.

Chesterfield—Mr. T. Bayley (L.). No change.

High Peak—Mr. Oswald Partington (L.). No change.

Ikeston—Sir Walter Foster (L.). No change.

Derby—Sir Thomas Roe (L.) and Mr. Richard Bell (Labour). No change.

#### LEICESTERSHIRE.

East (Melton Mowbray)—Mr. A. Wakerley (L.). Liberal gain.

West (Bosworth)—Sir Charles McLaren (L.). No change.

South (Harborough)—The Hon. Philip Stanhope (L.). No change.

Mid (Loughborough)—Mr. Maurice Levy (L.). No change.

Leicester (2)—Mr. H. Broadhurst (L.) and Mr. Macdonald (Labour). Labour gain.

#### NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Bassetlaw—Sir Frederick Milner (C.). No change.

Mansfield—Mr. A. B. Markham (L.). No change.

Rushcliffe—Mr. John Starkey (C.). No political change.

Rushcliffe—Mr. John Ellis (L.). No change.

Nottingham, East—Sir Henry Cotton (L.). Liberal gain.

In 1895 and 1900 the Conservatives profited by dissensions in the ranks of the Liberal Party.

Nottingham, West—Mr. J. H. Yoxall (L.). No change.

Nottingham, South—Lord Henry Bentinck (C.). No change.

#### OXFORDSHIRE.

North (Banbury)—Viscount Villiers (C.). No political change.

Mid (Woodstock)—Mr. E. N. Bennett (L.). Liberal gain.

The sitting Conservative member, Mr. G. Herbert Morrell, was beaten in 1892 by Mr. H. H. Raphael.

South (Henley)—Mr. Philip Morrell (L.). Liberal gain.

Small majority.

Oxford, City—Viscount Valentia (C.). No change.

Oxford University (2)—Sir William Anson, Bart. (C.), and Mr. J. G. Talbot (C.). No change.

(Continued on page 10.)

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Latest victims of the alarming typhoid epidemic at Lincoln are the sanitary inspector and a member of the sanitary committee, who are both suffering from the disease.

Having reached the age of 105 years, Mrs. Catherine M. Henderson, of Trimra, Co. Donegal, has just died.

Covers of 14,000 packets of cigarettes, all of one brand, are used as wallpaper by a Padimah householder named Howarth.

An attempt is to be made by a syndicate to "pool" the unsold English hops in order to prevent their sale at absurd prices.

Such a plentiful supply of water was located by a water-diviner employed by the Blackley Co-operative Society that the hazel-twig he was using is said to have broken in two.

Through giving a sixty-guinea piano to Malton Workhouse without first obtaining the sanction of the board, the Countess of Carlisle has aroused the indignation of some of the guardians.

Four plate-glass windows were broken yesterday by Tottenham's new motor fire-engine on its trial run. In turning round into High-road, Wood Green, the engine shot over the pavement.

Wastage of military strength, resulting from desertion, is a matter to which the Army Council are giving great attention. An object they have in view is to render the early period of service happier and more sympathetic for recruits.

A quantity of jewellery, including four silver candlesticks, hidden in the chimney of an old-fashioned residence on the north side of Clapham Common, was discovered yesterday by a sweep who happened to dislodge some bricks. The property had evidently been in its strange hiding-place many years.

Water is being purchased by the painful by the villagers in parts of the East Riding Wolds, where they are suffering the remarkable experience of dried wells in February.

Salford, which is about thirty-five miles from the coast, is determined to have a sea-water swimming bath, which will be fed from a special reservoir containing 250,000 gallons of salt water.

For trying to pass six silvered pennies as half-crowns in exchange for a postal order, Robert Tushington, aged twenty-three, of Chester, was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment.

The oldest minister in the Wesleyan Connexion is the venerable Richard Rymer, who, as a supernumerary, lives at Brixton. He commenced his course in 1829, when George IV. was king.

Cardiff claims to have the biggest platform inspectors in the country. Three of them at the Great Western Railway Station average 6ft. 4in. each in height and 16st. 9lb. each in weight.

Eight homing pigeons, worth £3, were stolen in a spirit of wilful damage by two young men at Wigton. They dined off the birds, and what they could not eat they gave to a dog. Both men were bound over.

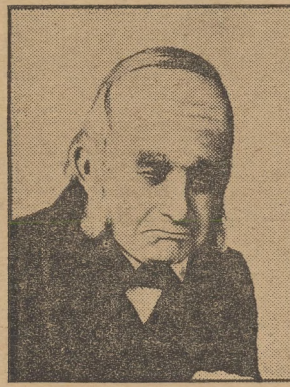
Lower Brixham (Devon) Parish Church, which is being rebuilt in memory of its first vicar, who was the author of the famous hymn, "Abide With Me, Fast Falls the Eventide," still needs £1,200 to complete the work.

Two-fifths of the workers for the North Wales Quarries Company have been dismissed because the company has no money. The company was formed nearly two years ago to provide work for the strikers who refused Lord Penrhyn's terms, but the £28,000 subscribed was spent in acquiring and developing the properties.

## ACTOR WHO PLAYS MANY PARTS.



Mr. Henry de Vries, who is playing no less than seven out of the nine characters in the new drama, "A Case of Arcos," which is to be produced at the Royalty Theatre on Saturday. The first photograph shows Mr. de Vries as himself, the second shows him as one of the characters he will impersonate.



Sheffield hopefully anticipates that the King will open the new buildings of the city's university, which will be ready in October.

In recognition of exceptional smartness in capturing a deserter after a long chase, Constable Stockdale, of Scarborough, was awarded 15s.

Fire broke out in the roof of a house at Stoke through a spark falling on a bird's nest. The nest blazed up and ignited a piece of weather-boarding.

Special prayers were offered in the Church of the Sacred Heart, at Gorton, for the forgiveness of some malicious person who had broken into the church and done much wanton damage.

On his eightieth birthday Mr. Henry Harrison, of Malton, who has just died at the age of eighty-four, walked eighteen miles. Almost up to the time of his death he was an enthusiastic huntsman and a keen cyclist.

Deprived of the use of her right hand some time ago, Miss Amy Sawyer bravely set to work to paint with the left. Two full-length portraits in the exhibition opened in the Suffolk-street galleries, London, yesterday, show the triumph of her resolution over calamity.

Evidence of the decay of the harp was very marked at a competition for harpists at the University College of North Wales Eisteddfod. A beautiful portable harp was the prize offered by the Hon. Mrs. Bulkeley Owen to encourage the use of the instrument, and only two girls competed.

To put new life into British canals it is proposed to form a Severn District Canal Trust, which would consolidate a group of sixteen canals to be linked with long reaches of the Severn, the Wye, and the Avon. Should the scheme in this district succeed it will be adopted gradually throughout the kingdom.

Whilst engaged in catching rats in a chalkpit at Northfleet, Kent, an elderly man named Harrison fell into a deep pool of water and was drowned.

The London Missionary Society has transferred its headquarters, with its wonderful museum of idols and other relics of heathenism, to New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Southwark Sunday School Society, founded by the Rev. Rowland Hill, in 1799, and the oldest body of its kind, held its 106th annual meeting in Christ Church, Westminster Bridge-road, last night.

"While crossing a dry ditch in the dark," writes a Belfast correspondent, "I saw a brightly-glowing speck on the ground. It proved to be a spider. I took it home, and it retained its luminosity for some hours."

Fifty acres of land near Pontfadog have been presented to the Denbighshire County Council by Mr. John Mahler, for the purpose of demonstrating the excellent financial results obtainable from timber-planting.

An Urmoston man named Noble, aged seventy-seven, fell heavily in his efforts to protect some ducks which his dogs were worrying. Sustaining a severe wound in the back of his head, he died almost immediately.

Lord Henry Bentinck has told the Nottingham butchers that vegetarians had advised him that his diet ought to be chiefly almonds and nuts. His lordship assumed them, however, he had no wish to go back to the food of his monkey ancestors.

The erection of tall buildings for residential purposes in London is not likely to continue, said an expert at a conference of delegates of metropolitan local authorities yesterday. Living in flats is accompanied by a great difficulty as regards servants.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal  
Photographs in To-day's  
"Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

### SOME PORTRAITS FROM WARSAW.

An interesting batch of portraits from Warsaw will be found on page 9. One of them is of a man of whom the photographer writes as follows:—"I photographed this man myself. He seemed very proud, and willingly posed for me. The brute—he is a soldier—boasts of having sabred thirteen strikers, including two women, with his own hand."

The other three portraits are of unhappy victims of this sort of brutality. Of the two men one was a workman and the other a religious mendicant, and both were shot by the police during the riots, as was also the woman, Agafya Serin, who leaves three young children to mourn her loss.

### MILKMAIDS IN THE MALL.

On page 8 we give a portrait of one of the two sisters who own the stall in the Mall, which has just been condemned by the Office of Works, as its site is required in connection with the improvement scheme.

The old ladies are vigorously protesting against the threatened eviction. They point out that they and their ancestors have held the right to sell milk in the park ever since it was granted them, nearly 300 years ago, by King James I.

One of the sisters, Miss Caroline Burry, who is seventy-three years of age, states that her mother looked after the stall until she died at the age of seventy-nine; that her grandmother did the same until her death at ninety-two, and that her great-grandmother, who lived to be 103 years old, was at the stall as long as she could stand.

In face of this it certainly seems unfair that the Mall milkmaids should be summarily robbed of the privilege they have so long enjoyed. It is obvious of course, that they cannot be allowed to interfere with the Mall improvements, but it may be hoped that a corner will be found for them under the new arrangements.

### THE GRAND DUKE'S SCAPEGOAT.

The Grand Duke Vladimir, rendered nervous, apparently, by the storm aroused by his ruthless cruelty during St. Petersburg's "Red Sunday," is taking every possible means to disavow responsibility for the brutalities committed.

It is said that he is quite broken down and throws all responsibility for the massacres on Prince Vassilchikov, whose portrait appears on page 9. The Prince was in command of the troops, and it is alleged that when he ordered them to fire upon the crowd the Grand Duke sent a message commanding him to cease doing so at once; but he refused point-blank, and the carnage continued.

Of course, this may be true, but it does not particularly look like it, for the Prince has not been dismissed or otherwise punished as one would expect had he disobeyed a definite order in this fashion.

## COMING GRAND OPERA.

Notable Singers and New Music for the  
Covent Garden Season.

The general programme for the coming season of grand opera at Covent Garden has now been outlined.

The most important new opera at present in the list is Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," which was produced about eighteen months ago at Milan, and met with a not too flattering reception. Since then, however, Signor Puccini has revised the opera. Young Italy is also represented by Giordano's "André Chénier," a stirring opera dealing with the French Revolution.

An interesting "revival" will be Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," and Rossini's "Il Barbiere" is once again in the repertoire.

Amongst the artistes are the names of Mme. Ginchetti, whose recent magnificent performances in the San Carlo company's autumn season attracted so much attention; of Mlle. Parkina and Mlle. Selina Kurz, both of whom are brilliant sopranos, who made successful debuts last year.

It is good news, too, to see Caruso's name again on the list.

There has been a tremendous rush of applications for the two "Ring" cycles to be given on May 1, 2, 4, 6, 10, 12, 13, and 15.

Usually 5s. has been charged for the gallery at these "Ring" performances, and in some cases seats for the whole four operas had to be booked together. At present, however, the management have informed inquirers that the gallery is unreserved—that is to say, the usual price will probably be charged—viz., 2s. 6d.

All the amphitheatre stalls have already been applied for.



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## Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1905

## AN UN-CIVIL LORD!

THERE seems to be a fate against Britain and Germany living on easy terms. They are like two neighbours whose dogs will insist on barking at one another across the back garden wall. It would be more sensible to take no notice of the tiresome animals. That is the line we try to take in England. Germany's nerves are not quite so well under control.

Only a few weeks ago an excitable Teutonic politician told a wild tale of the two countries having been upon the verge of war. We managed to keep our heads. We only wish the Germans had done the same over Mr. Arthur Lee's speech. It is true he is an Admiralty official—"civil lord"—seems rather an ironical title for him—but Germany might surely understand that no one ever minds what minor members of British Ministries may say.

That it is unwise for any public speaker to go out of his way to shake up a menacing fist at any foreign Power, we entirely agree. We should, indeed, regard it as a wholesome warning if the Prime Minister were to take away Mr. Lee's office. But really, the German newspapers need not let the barking of every little dog throw them into such a state of panic and excitement.

Even if a highly-placed Minister had said that we must keep a watchful eye upon the ocean which lies between our shores and those of the Kaiser's dominions, the remark would not have gone nearly as far as many utterances of German statesmen with regard to what they call the "British danger." Yet we have not sent up shrill cries of terror and amazement over those utterances. We realised the greater advantages as well as the greater dignity of "lyin' low and sayin' nuffin."

## "FOREIGN MARRIAGES."

There is much talk nowadays about the comity of nations and the growth of international law. Isn't it time for an effort to be made to bring the marriage laws of all lands into something like conformity, so that a marriage which is recognised as valid and binding in one country shall not be null and void in any other?

Distressing cases of repudiated wives are constantly coming under our notice. The latest is from Paris. A young French girl was married in London to a count of her own nationality. Later on, according to French custom, they were also civilly married before a registrar. Yet in France they are not regarded as man and wife at all, and the child of their union is, in the eyes of French law, illegitimate—a state of things which is not only revolting, but uncivilised.

One test of civilisation is whether it introduces uniformity of social manners and customs. Thus, so far as manners go, a civilised man or woman will feel at home among civilised people in any part of the world. Surely, it ought to be quite possible to introduce a marriage custom common to all people who wish to be considered civilised.

The nations have a postal convention which binds them to deliver each other's letters so long as certain regulations are complied with. Would an international marriage convention be so very hard to arrange? The man who can bring about an agreement that proof of legal union in one civilised country shall be accepted in all the rest will deserve the thanks of mankind—and of womankind—more especially still.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Be careful to avoid with great diligence those things in itself which do commonly annoy thee in others.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD ROSEBERY took care that the King should have a pleasant time at Mentmore by inviting a small party of very interesting and clever people to meet his Majesty. Mentmore is really almost a palace—it has the true palatial features of a lofty hall, a marble staircase, and long galleries. It is perhaps Lord Rosebery's favourite seat, though he spends a great deal of time at his smaller and more cosy home at Epsom. He nearly always entertains at Mentmore, however, when entertain he must. But he prefers to remain alone with his family and his books.

Lord Rosebery is indeed becoming something of a recluse. His political ambitions, I am told by one of his followers who knows him intimately, are never likely to expire, but one can scarcely believe that he would really enter the turmoil again as one sees him reading and writing all day long—and half of the night too, for he generally sleeps very badly. Mr. Balfour, one of the Mentmore party, shares many tastes with his host, and one of them certainly is the taste for solitude and quiet.

In fact, they are both "politicians in spite of themselves."

A very adventurous person, with a remarkably varied experience for his age, is the young Marquis of Graham, whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer has just made one of his private secretaries. Lord Graham is the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, and he was born in 1878. But he has already found time to serve as a volunteer midshipman with the Royal Navy Training Squadron; to get his master's certificate in the merchant service; to be Press censor in Capetown during the war; and to serve afterwards in the Naval Brigade and the Army Service Corps. While De Wet was being chased in South Africa he was in action twenty-nine times in thirty-one consecutive days of that famous pursuit.

Lord Graham is young, handsome, and talented. He ought, therefore, in the proverbial phrase, to have the world before him, if he will only stick to one of his pathways. Hitherto his most remarkable experiences have been in South Africa. He considered the Boers a treacherous people, and thought our policy of farm-burning the only possible one. To prove this he used to tell the story of a narrow escape he once had. He happened

to visit a Boer farm, and was welcomed by a Dutch woman there, given a cup of coffee, and assured that no Boers were in the neighbourhood.

He therefore walked away in a friendly disposition towards Boer farms and their occupants. The Dutch woman meanwhile stood pointing out the way by which he was to rejoin his column. Then he saw her waving a white handkerchief, which he took for a farewell salute for him and acknowledged by a low bow. Suddenly he heard the crack of a rifle from the woods near. It came from the charming Dutch lady's husband who had hoped to destroy the obnoxious Englishman in that safe and secret way. Fortunately he aimed badly, and the Englishman escaped.

Playgoers are awaiting with much interest the production of Captain Marshall's new comedy, "The Lady of Leeds," which has now been postponed until Thursday night. Captain Marshall has rapidly become one of the most popular of our dramatists. Yet he really only took to a professional author's life because a slight chest weakness made it impossible for him to be a soldier any longer. But though he had never actually tried to get plays produced till then, yet he had always written them, and kept them—dramas, melodramas, and comedies—in the limbo of the Great Unpublished.

As a schoolboy at St. Andrews Captain Marshall paid rather more attention to his dramas than to his work. Amusing stories are told of the scrapes he got into in consequence. Once he was ordered to write out a hundred lines because he had not glanced at his reputation for some weeks. It struck him that he might, actually and metaphorically, gild this unpleasant task by executing it as an illuminated address, which he did. Each line began with a coloured initial, and continued in an elaborate scroll design. But the Scotch "dominie" had no sense of beauty, and boxed the little scribe on the ears when the address was shown to him.

One is sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. Will Crooks, who is the perfect type of the Labour administrator, and of the self-made man. He has won his way by sheer force of character from the workhouse to the House of Commons. He has long been a hard-working member of the County Council, and for several years chairman of the Popular Board of Guardians. This was the identical board which sent him, when he was a penniless child, to the workhouse school. He was always hungry at the school, and the board, as one might have expected from experience of such gatherings of worthy red-tapists, was not over-generous with him. But now he can mould it according to his own more charitable instincts.

In the East End he is regarded as a kind of father or familiar friend. Thousands of poor people expect him to look after the smallest details of their welfare. At his last election a friend who was canvassing for him met with a striking proof of this. "What! vote for Crooks?" said one voter. "No, thank yer." "You voted for him last time," said the friend. "What's the matter?" "Matter!" roared the other. "Well, I'll tell yer. Our scullery sink's been bungled up for nigh on three weeks, and Crooks ain't been near the place." He obviously regarded his M.P. as "universal provider"—and plumber.

Levens Hall, in Westmorland, the beautiful old country seat of Captain Joceline Bagot, which has just suffered severely from fire, has many curious legends told in connection with it. Long ago, to quote one of them, the estate was cursed; it is said, by a witch, for some reason which nobody ever succeeded in finding out. The witch decreed that there should be no male heir so long as the river Kent, which runs through the grounds, flowed, and until a white deer should be born in the park. And for several generations, in point of fact, no direct male heir was born to the family.

At last, in the spring of 1895, an extraordinary thing happened. There was a prolonged frost which froze up the sources of the river, and prevented it from flowing. At the same time a white deer was born in the park, and later on, in the summer, Mrs. Bagot presented her husband with a son! Call these events realised prophecies or remarkable coincidences, according to your disposition towards superstitions, it matters not. Mrs. Bagot is the third daughter of Sir John Leslie, an Irish baronet. She is devoted to Levens, and wrote an article in a magazine not long ago describing its treasures.

## IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 6.—Rumours of rain, but no rain! One of the sweetest joys of spring is the return of the sunshine. Its effect on the garden (and on ourselves) is wonderful.

It is interesting to note that light is one of the chief factors in plant growth. For instance, some bulbs I have growing in a room window hardly moved last month, yet during the past week they have made rapid growth. This is not due to temperature, but light.

So let us, when possible, lay out our gardens in the sunshine. We get the benefit of it quite as much as our flowers. E. F. T.

## "I WANTS TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP."



[Mr. Arthur Lee, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, has greatly disturbed German susceptibilities by his reference to a possible naval war in the North Sea.]

THE KAISER (as Mrs. Wardle): Whatever are you a-doing it for?  
Mr. LEE (as the Fat Boy): I wants to make your flesh creep!

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Charles Tennant.

HE has always been called "The Monarch of the Glen" by those who know him well, because The Glen was his well-loved home where he entertained so royally amidst his priceless art treasures. But now he is a monarch without a kingdom, for The Glen has been burnt to the ground.

He is over eighty years of age, and that is late to begin making a new home. But he has indomitable pluck, and what is perhaps more to the point enormous wealth, and if anyone could bear a loss like this it is he.

As a matter of fact he does not look a man of eighty. He plays golf with a young man's enthusiasm. He has a young wife, whom he married only seven years ago, and who plays golf as tirelessly as he does himself.

His daughters by his first marriage are famous in society. Miss Margot Tennant became Mrs. Asquith. His elder daughter is married to Lord Ribblesdale.

He is a politician, but he has taken politics less seriously than art collecting. The worst part of the fire is that his collection of pictures was partly destroyed.

"Father, what's the difference between a lunch and a luncheon?" "About five shillings, my boy."  
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## TO OUR GIPSY VISITORS.

(Whom We Are So Glad To See.)

We are most pleased to show you round if you'll—  
Just step this way,  
You need not be afraid, the charge is nothing each per day.  
The tour is just commencing, and protected you shall be,  
For this is Dear Old England, the country of the free!

So wrap around your wretched rags, and get into your hutches,  
We'll see you'll have a real good time, while you are in our clutches.  
Our good P.C.s will do their best to regulate your movements,  
For this is Dear Old England, the land of great improvements.

Your own poor nags look tired, so if you don't object,  
A nice relay of gee-gees we shall at once collect.  
To gain your good opinion, our utmost we will strive,  
For this is Dear Old England, the land where aliens thrive.

Student: You promised me five pounds, father, if I got through the exam, didn't you?  
Father: Certainly, my son. Well?

Student: Well, I've saved you five pounds, father.  
—Elegende Blatter (German).



# TODAY'S NEWS ILLUSTRATED.

ST. JAMES'S PARK MILKMAID.



One of the two sisters who have for years sold milk, fresh from the cow, at their stall on the Mall. They and their ancestors have held the right to do so for nearly three hundred years, the privilege having been granted by King James I. They have now been served with a notice to quit, as the site of their stall is required in connection with the Mall improvement scheme.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

COLT BY FLYING FOX.



Profane, winner of last year's French Oaks, with a fine colt foal by Flying Fox, in the paddocks at M. Blanc's famous stud, at Jardy, near Paris.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE



Characteristic attitudes of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, photographed at their meetings. Dr. Torrey, with hand uplifted, is leading the singing of the "Glory Song," which has been such a feature of his preaching. Mr. Alexander's attitude while preaching can be seen in the top right-hand photograph.



# PICTURES · FROM · ALL · PARTS ·

THE GREAT EVANGELISTS.



RIOTERS IN THE STREETS OF MOSCOW



This photograph was taken at Moscow while the strikers were making demonstrations.

SABRED 13 STRIKERS.



This Russian soldier boasted to the photographer of having sabred thirteen strikers, including two women, with his own right hand.

WARSAW CHARACTER SHOT.



Alexander Brazoff, a well-known Warsaw character, by trade a porter, who was shot down by the police during the rioting. He was one of the best known men on the streets of Warsaw.

FLOGGED 27 STRIKERS.



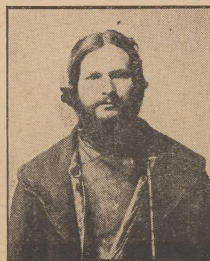
Warsaw policeman No. 250, who, according to his own boast, was responsible for the flogging of 27 strikers.

PRINCE VASSILCHIKOFF,



On whom the Grand Duke Vladimir throws the responsibility for the St. Petersburg massacres.

KILLED IN THE RIOTS AT WARSAW.



Frode Papoff, who was shot in the brain during the rioting.



Agafya Serin, who was shot down in the streets.

One of the above pictures Mr. Alexander, who is seen with his mission. One of the most favourite attitudes adopted by Dr. Haines. (Photographs by Haines.)



## ST. PETERSBURG AS GAY AS USUAL.

Restaurants Crowded—Massacres  
Almost Forgotten.

### WAS IT VLADIMIR'S FAULT?

His Aide-de-Camp Says He Wept When He  
Heard of the Slaughter.

Judging by the telegrams published daily from the various special correspondents in St. Petersburg, one would imagine that the city was in a terrible state of turmoil and unrest. This interesting letter from the *Daily Mirror's* special lady correspondent gives a faithful picture of the actual social conditions which prevail there.

(From our Special Lady Correspondent in St. Petersburg.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—We are having a delightful time here, and no signs of revolutions. Everyone seems bent on getting as much pleasure out of life as possible. The crack of the rifle has now given place to the pop of the champagne cork.

The restaurants are crowded, and it is hard to realise, when one sees the gay throngs and the officers in their brilliant uniforms giving dinner and supper parties, that such terrible things happened in this city only a short time ago. The Moika and Nevsky Prospects presents a similar appearance to our Bond-street in the height of the London season. It is crowded in the afternoon with ladies wrapped in costly furs driving in smartly-appointed sleighs.

#### WOMEN NOT WELL DRESSED.

The shops, however, do not compare favourably with ours: the windows are not nearly so tastefully dressed. Nor, indeed, do the women compare well, either. They wrap themselves up much more than we do. The majority do not attempt to dress becomingly, and for walking they wear most hideous coats and cloaks, and very thick, clumsy snow-boots. It is really not necessary, for it is quite possible to get something more slightly and yet study comfort.

Personally, I have found ordinary goloshes sufficient, and I have not wrapped up any more than I do in London, except when driving. Then it is necessary. A day or two ago it was very mild—the sun was shining brilliantly, and yet every Russian I met was muffled up as if he was afraid of being frost-bitten.

The reason is that the rooms are kept at such a high-temperature that they feel the cold immediately they get out of doors. The heat in the restaurants and places of amusement seem to me almost suffocating, but the Russians do not appear to notice it. The people here think I am mad, as if I will insist on keeping my window open, and as I only leave my room for three seconds when I return I find some good soul has taken the trouble to close it.

Sleigh-driving is just delightful, and, after these overheated rooms, very exhilarating. It has the same effect on one as champagne. However tired

one feels, a few minutes in a sleigh freshens one up and wipes away all the cobwebs.

This is a terribly late city. From what I have seen of it not many people get up before noon, and they go to bed correspondingly late. To retire before three or four in the morning is considered quite moderate.

I have taken several drives round the poorer parts of St. Petersburg, and was not impressed by the cleanliness of the people. They all look as if a bath were an unknown luxury.

They dress in the quaintest of clothes, with an entire disregard for appearances—all kinds of skins and bits of fur are sewn together, and just thrown round them—and many reminded me of Mr. H. B. Irving in his island dress in "The Admirable Crichton."

I was invited yesterday to the Winter Palace by the Court Councillor (Lord Chamberlain) to see the apartments, and the Russians thought I was specially favoured. Not many people were allowed there during the troublesome times.

Among the many things of interest in the Palace, I saw the sewing-machines in the rooms set apart for the Empress and the ladies of the Court to work for the Red Cross Society.

I had a very pleasant interview to-day with Prince Serge Belosselsky Belyarsky, A.D.C. to Grand Duke Vladimir. He made very light of the whole affair, and assured us that the reports of Vladimir's cruelty had been greatly exaggerated. He declared the Grand Duke was the kindest and most warm-hearted of men, and that he had nothing whatever to do with giving the order to fire last Sunday. He also said the cars can find Vladimir's eyes when he heard of the massacre.

#### MISS NANCY PRICE,



Who is playing in "The Lady of Leeds," which is to be produced at Wyndham's Theatre on Thursday evening—(Jascolette.)

#### SIX POPULAR NOVELS.

These are the six novels that are selling best in New York just now:

- "The Masquerader," (known on this side as "John Chilcote, M.P."), by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
- "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
- "The Prospector," by Ralph Connor.
- "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
- "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
- "Double Harness," by Anthony Hope.

Heron took up his former position by the window and stared fixedly down into the street.

If the mischief was done reflected Lady Betty, turning pale with horror at the very thought, there was nothing for her to do. No one could help Vanna Tempest to fight through the first madness of the knowledge that Anthony Heron had been meeting her daughter in secret and wanted to marry her. If, on the other hand, some merciful misunderstanding had prevented any of them from realising that the stranger who had won Joan's heart and Anthony Heron were one and the same, then all might yet be well.

Joan would have to be talked to, reasoned with, persuaded that her real happiness lay in marrying Harry St. Peter's and making him a good wife. The Duke could easily be made to look upon her conduct as the result of some girlish whim; and Vanna would remain in ignorance. Lady Betty prayed fervently that this great boon of blindness might be granted to the poor woman, so that she might not be robbed for ever of what measure of peace she had been able to wring out of the cruel and blighting lesson that life had taught her.

Anthony Heron turned from the window. "Are you not going, Lady Betty?" he asked. She shook her head.

"I have been thinking. I could do no good now. I must wait."

"I am not going to leave Paris to-day," said the man. There was a fever under his composure. Lady Betty saw defiance in his eyes.

"You must," she said quietly. "You have given your word."

"The circumstances are changed. You do not know what has happened. You do not know what Mrs. Tempest may say."

Lady Betty did not seem to hear him.

"If I only knew!" she murmured in agonised apprehension. "I can only imagine awful things."

"It is your punishment," he said half-angrily, "for trying to be stronger than Fate." Then his

## "DAILY MIRROR" GENERAL ELECTION.

(Continued from page 6.)

#### STAFFORDSHIRE.

North-West—Sir James Heath (C.). No change. A keen contest.

West (Penkridge)—Sir A. Henderson (L.U.). No change. A reduced majority.

Burton—Mr. R. F. Ratcliff (L.U.). No change. A safe seat.

Handsworth—Mr. Ernest Meysey-Thompson (L.U.). No political change, but the smallest majority in the history of the constituency.

Kingswinford—Colonel Webb (C.). No change.

Leek—Mr. Charles Pearce (L.). Liberal gain. The expected loss of the seat to the Conservative Party is due to the widespread dissatisfaction of the constituency with the Government, together with a desire for a change.

Lichfield—Mr. T. C. T. Warner (L.). No change.

Hanley—Mr. A. H. Heath (C.). No change.

Newcastle-under-Lyme—Mr. William Lovatt (L.). Liberal gain.

Stafford—Mr. C. E. Shaw (L.). No change. Good fight.

Stoke-on-Trent—Mr. Coghill (L.U.). No change. A close fight.

Walsall—Mr. Bernal Bagshawe (C.). Conservative gain. A keen contest. Sir Arthur Hayter, the sitting Liberal member, losing, according to the canvassers, by only a few votes.

Wednesbury—Mr. Alfred Bird (C.). No political change.

West Bromwich—Dr. A. E. W. Hazel (L.). Liberal gain. Protestantism will play a very prominent part in the election.

Wolverhampton, East—Sir Henry Fowler (L.). No change.

Wolverhampton, South—Major Villiers (C.). Conservative gain. A very keen contest. The majority of Mr. Norman, the sitting member, was only 169 in 1900.

Wolverhampton, West—Mr. T. F. Richards (Labour). Liberal gain. Sir Alfred Hickman, the sitting Conservative member, has alienated many political supporters by his votes on labour questions.

#### WARWICK.

North (Tamworth)—Sir Philip Muntz (C.). No change.

Nuneaton—Mr. F. A. Newdigate (C.). No change. A very small majority.

Rugby—Mr. Gorrie Grant (L.). No change. Mr. Grant is expected to increase his majority.

Stratford-on-Avon—Mr. Philip S. Foster (C.). No change. A great reduction in the Conservative majority.

Aston Manor—Mr. Evelyn Cecil (C.). No change.

Birmingham, North—Mr. J. T. Mjolemore (L.U.). No change.

Birmingham, South—Viscount Morpeth (L.U.). No change.

Birmingham, East—Sir Benjamin Stone (C.). No change.

Birmingham, West—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain (L.U.). No change.

Birmingham (Bordesley)—Mr. Jesse Collings (L.U.). No change.

Birmingham, Central—Mr. E. Parkes (L.U.). No change.

Birmingham (Edgbaston)—Mr. F. W. Lowe (C.). No change.

## A Daring . . Experiment.

SIX-SHILLING  
NOVELS FOR  
ONE PENNY.

The . .  
**Cosy Corner  
Novels.**

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

No. 1 out To-morrow

CONTAINING

'The Corridor of Silence,'

BY

**"RITA."**

ORDER A COPY NOW.

Coventry—Mr. Kenneth Foster (C.). No political change.

Warwick and Leamington—Mr. T. H. D. Berridge (L.). Liberal gain. Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, is defeated.

#### WORCESTERSHIRE.

North (Oldbury)—Mr. J. W. Wilson (L.). Liberal gain. Mr. Wilson, who was formerly a Liberal Unionist, will at the next election have his former antagonist as his agent.

South (Evesham)—Colonel Long (C.). No change.

West (Bewdley)—Mr. Alfred Baldwin (C.). No change.

East—Mr. Austen Chamberlain (L.U.). No change.

Dudley—Mr. G. H. Cloughton (C.). No political change. Mr. Cloughton is a cousin of the Earl of Dudley, and his chief mining agent.

Kidderminster—Mr. Stanley Baldwin (C.). No political change.

Worcester—The Hon. George H. Allsopp (C.). No change. Narrow majority.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

## A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON  
and HEATH HOSKEN.

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

This story deals with the problem that arises out of the suicide of a kindly, unselfish, impetuous man (Richard Tempest), who ended his life to make way for his wife (Vanna Tempest) to marry an immensely rich man, Anthony Heron, who had stolen her heart.

The husband dead, Heron recoiled from the woman, and gets his friend, Lady Betty Somerville, to offer her a solatium of £2,000 a year, which she accepts rather than starve.

Three years elapse. Heron meets his fate—a slip of a girl who fascinates him. He meets her by chance in a picture gallery in Paris. They meet occasionally. Then she tells him that she is engaged to be married to the Duke of St. Peter's. Heron tells her that she must break off the engagement as she does not really love her fiancé. She agrees. Directly after he learns that she is the daughter of Vanna Tempest, Joan meanwhile tells St. Peter's the truth, and together the young people go to Vanna Tempest with the news before Lady Betty can stop them. It is inevitable that Vanna will have the story of Joan's love for Heron from her own daughter's lips.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,  
Asking, "What Law had Destiny to guide  
Her little children stumbling in the Dark?"  
And—"A blind understanding!" Heav'n replied.  
—Omar Khayyam.

Lady Betty did not follow her first impulse, which was to rush off to the Rue Marboeuf as soon as she learned that Joan Tempest and the Duke had gone there.

She forced herself to think out the position with what calmness she could muster, while Anthony

voice grew gentler. "I am going to leave you now, Lady Betty. You are tired out. You have fought a good fight. Will you promise to let me know as soon as you hear something?"

"Yes," she said; and then asked quickly, "Where are you going?"

"Not out of the hotel. But I must see to some very pressing matters. The world does not stand still."

She did not seek to detain him. When he had gone she settled herself to wait, and racked her spirit with torturing thoughts. She did not know why she cared so much. It seemed to her the most awful thing that had ever happened. And she trembled for the girl. What might not Vanna Tempest say in her mortal agony, in the madness that must inevitably possess her soul? She might poison her daughter's life for years to come—perhaps for ever.

Food was brought, but Lady Betty did not touch it. It seemed the longest period of time she had ever known.

As the hands of the clock crept slowly round she knew that the worst had happened. Otherwise Joan would have returned.

At four o'clock a note was brought to her. It was bitterly short.

"Will you please come at once?"—Vanna Tempest.

She rose, and found her limbs stiff and her head burning. She drank two glasses of iced water, and went to her room to dress, without summoning her maid. Then, remembering her promise, she sent for Anthony Heron.

He came at once. She was startled to see how ordinary he looked. It was the man's prerogative. He had been obliged to put all thought away but his work.

"Mrs. Tempest has sent for me," said Lady Betty.

"I shall come with you."

"I will not allow you to. I will tell you every-

thing. Tony, you have given me your word, and I hold you to it. You are not to leave the hotel until I return."

He shrugged his shoulders. Despite himself he had returned to a more normal frame of mind. Much that she had said before now seemed to him to be merely the vapourings born of a hysterical and wholly feminine point of view. He could not help it. She had made him feel a monster, but he felt now that he was not. It was not callousness; he could not help it if Vanna Tempest had so absolutely gone out of his life, if he had so completely forgotten her, that she was now a total stranger as far as he was concerned. And yet he allowed Lady Betty to take command of his actions—he placed himself in her hands. It may have been that he felt that neither she nor anyone else could alter the position by one iota, or it may have been merely a man's inborn horror of a scene, his instinctive inclination to wait until the storm had blown over, whether it were an April shower or an upheaval of the universe.

Lady Betty drove in a cab to the Rue Marboeuf. When she alighted she saw the Duke of St. Peter's near the porte-cochère of the house in which Vanna had her flat. His face confirmed her worst fears.

He looked dazed and terror-stricken. Lady Betty beckoned him under the bare arch of the door.

"Tell me exactly what has happened," she said. "I'm so glad you have come, Lady Betty," he young man replied, infinite relief mingling with the amazement in his voice. "I am in a terrible state of anxiety. I think Mrs. Tempest is mad."

"Why are you out here?"

"I have been walking up and down ever since. I dared not leave the street. I was so afraid."

"Since what?" asked Lady Betty. "Tell me everything from the beginning—quickly. I must know before I go up."

"I came into the hotel to see you," said the Duke. He spoke almost in a whisper; he was

(Continued on page 11.)



## WHY WOMEN WED.

They Often Fall To Prefer the  
Solid, Worthy Man.

## CHARM OF BLUEBEARDS.

Hoch, the Chicago Polygamist, Won Women  
Because He Tried To.

"What is it in men that charms women?"

And why is it that many plain and apparently unattractive men appear to possess a fatal fascination for every woman they lay siege to?

To begin with, some suitors, like the genius, have an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Women don't like a man with "take me or leave me" manners.

Children and dogs know in a minute whether a man is fond of their kind.

So does a woman.

Bluebeard Hoch, of Chicago, who has broken the legal limit to matrimony by being the husband of twenty-six wives, is described as short, fat, and plain. Nevertheless this record heart-and-law-breaker rarely took more than a few hours to carry his courtship to the pairing stage.

What was the secret of his success? Nature apparently had not cut him out to play the part of a romantic Romeo.

Nevertheless, the most obdurate of her sex said "Yes" to his stout, middle-aged German, who "No" had been the answer to many an amorous and good-looking suitor before Hoch and his kill-on-sight charms appeared on the scene.

There is no shadow of doubt that Hoch took the keenest interest in women.

And this is the first step towards winning a woman's heart.

### THE MAN WOMEN PURSUE.

A man who takes the trouble to woo is always successful in love.

That many women are piqued by a man's indifference is proverbial. And noted "women-haters" are assiduously stalked by the sex which is often accused of having no real sporting instincts!

But the woman-hater is not pursued from motives of personal affection. At the root of it is the pride of sex, the Columbus-like love of conquest, the hunter's triumph of running to catch a rare quarry the possession of whose "brush" will rouse envy in other women.

Not one man in 10,000 realises how lonely women are.

The devoted husband slams the front door in the morning when he starts for the City without one suspicion of the loneliness of the wife he has left behind him.

She is interested in him—his health, his hobbies, and tastes. But it never occurs to him to sympathise with her interests, and to remember that so far as her real self is concerned she is as lonely and companionless as though she were cast solitary on a desert island.

This is where the gay Lothario—or Chicago Hoch—comes in.

The widows with a little property, who were his chief victims, were delighted to find a man who

had time, sympathy, and attention to give to them. While they dusted the front lodger's parlour or busied themselves with their domestic darning Hoch sat and played his zither and sang sweet little songs of home and the far-off Fatherland.

At spring-cleaning time he didn't show symptoms of the self-preservative flight of the average man. On the contrary, he fetched a step-ladder, polished windows, and helped to hang the clean curtains in the best bedroom.

Men mustn't forget therefore in envying Hoch his unprecedented success with the sex that he worked for it with a skill and industry which would have brought equal success in any other line of business. Some of the best men rely on their solid virtues, honour and integrity, to fascinate and appeal to the softer sex.

But these qualities beget respect—not love.

This type of man blames the genus woman when some meretricious young man, with a few parlour tricks and a curl on his forehead and soft speeches, comes forward and captures the lady to whom the large, solid virtues failed to appeal.

And women like men who have time to give to them and leisure to study their ways.

The "ne'er-do-well" forms graceful habits of flower-giving, his business doesn't swallow up the

entire man. To relieve her loneliness—that eternal loneliness which all married women say is the bitterest bane of matrimony—a woman will give her heart and life into the keeping of a worthless, graceless "master-wooer."

Sober, solid men, looking on, say she prefers that kind. The accusation is unjust. She marries him because she thinks she has found companionship.

A large number of women with money choose ne'er-do-well husbands, who frequently make their wives extremely happy. If a woman has plenty of money, she can afford the luxury of indulging in a husband who will relieve her loneliness.

The average hard-working man does not, and perhaps cannot, do this.

"Business comes first," is no doubt an excellent commercial axiom.

But it does not comfort a wife left solitary and unsympathised with. The lack of sympathy shown by men to wives is at the root of most married unhappiness.

And it explains the marvellous fascination which worthless and waster types of men have in all ages exercised over women.

It offers a complete solution to the problem of how Hoch, Chapman, Deeming, and Crossman subjugated women to their own ends.

## THE CHICAGO "BLUEBEARD."



Johann Hoch, who is believed by medical authorities to be one of the most expert poisoners the world has ever seen. His methods are said to have embraced the use of a deadly poison, which even the cleverest physicians are unable to detect. It is alleged that in this way he got rid of a number of women who passed as his wives.

## WHAT A FEW HOME FAVOURITES SAY.

### Illustrated London News.

"Antipon" not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

### The Lady's Pictorial.

"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful new fat-absorbent known as 'Antipon' performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

### Methodist Recorder.

"It is satisfactory to know that the new cure, 'Antipon,' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

### Penny Illustrated Paper.

"In 'Antipon,' the great new permanent cure for corpulence, the world is made richer by a marvellous discovery."

### Weldon's Ladies' Journal.

"Readers troubled with embonpoint will find in 'Antipon' a reliable and permanent cure, exceedingly pleasant to take, without incurring any distressing restrictions as to diet."

## SPLENDID SUCCESS OF "ANTIPON."

### CAPS ALL CURES FOR CORPULENCE.

The wonderful success of "Antipon" is not only due to its proved value as a really permanent cure for obesity, but also to its remarkable tonic properties. The combination of qualities is unique: "Antipon" reduces weight and increases strength at one and the same time. Unlike the dangerous remedies once so widely used, it does not decrease the muscular, as well as the adipose, tissue. On the contrary, our stout readers should know that in the condition of obesity the muscles are not only surrounded by excessive fat, but are impregnated by fatty particles; hence they become flabby and weak, and the limbs unshapely. Now, in absorbing and removing all this superfluous fat, "Antipon" helps to strengthen and solidify the muscular tissue, and make the limbs firm and well moulded. How different is this from the exhausting and starving methods once in vogue—methods made still more injurious by the addition of mineral drug-ging! "Antipon" requires that the body be properly nourished. Good, sound, wholesome food is "Antipon's" only ally.

Disagreeable dietary and other restrictions are out of the question. Feed up, make rich pure blood, increase nerve power—that is what you must do, and what "Antipon" makes you do. After a few doses the appetite will be much keener, and the digestive powers greatly improved. The larger amount of nutritious food properly digested and assimilated will soon increase strength and vitality, while the gradual absorption of the superabundant and unhealthy fat is going on satisfactorily—not only the uncomely surface fat, but the dangerous internal accumulations that jeopardise life itself by clinging round the vital organs. The muscles of the heart may become flabby with fat, just the same as the muscles of the arm. "Antipon" soon dispels the enemy, and restores the balance of health. The breathing becomes easier, and the distress after exertion is no longer felt. The great weight-reducing power of "Antipon" is apparent from the very first day, for within twenty-four hours of taking the first dose there is a reduction ranging from 8oz. to 3lb. or more, consistently followed by a daily decrease until normal weight and correct proportions are restored. Then the doses may cease; it will be found that the cure is complete and permanent, because the "Antipon" treatment destroys the tendency to the formation of excessive fat. Hence its marvellous success and popularity. New life and buoyant spirits, grace and movement, an elastic step, a bright, clear complexion and a pure skin; these, with restored beauty of form and figure, are the blessings conferred by a course of "Antipon," without the slightest discomfort or inconvenience or any departure from one's ordinary manner of living. "Antipon" is of pure and harmless herbal ingredients, a perfect liquid tonic and fat-absorbent. Hundreds of grateful men and women have written thanking the "Antipon" Company for the permanent benefits they have received from this remarkable remedy.

"Antipon" is sold in Lotties, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Store, etc. Should any difficulty arise, it may be obtained (on forwarding remittance) post paid, in private package, direct from the "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

really in the most acute distress, and his usual complacent serenity of manner had quite deserted him. "I came to see if you would come to a little dinner I was giving to-night. They told me that you were in, and that Anthony Heron had just come to you, and that Anthony Heron had just come down again. To my surprise, I found Joan sitting in the hall, but I didn't connect her with the young lady the porter had spoken of, because I knew she hadn't met Heron. However, I saw at once that something was the matter with her. She looked so queer and flushed, and her eyes were so red. Well, she gave me a most awful shock. She told me in her plain, straightforward way that I was just the person whom she wanted to see, and she hoped I wouldn't be angry and think that she was frivolous and fickle, but that she wanted to tell me at once that she couldn't marry me, as she cared for someone else. You may imagine, Lady Betty, when I was struck all of a heap, but I didn't think there was anything to say but that, of course, if she was really certain she cared for this other man, I would release her, and I hoped she'd be very happy, and I was grateful for her being so frank with me. Then I asked her who the man was, and she told me a most extraordinary story."

"I know that part," put in Lady Betty. "Don't waste time. She told you about the man she met in the Louvre."

"You know that!" exclaimed the young man incredulously. "I thought he must be a pretty beauty to behave like that, and then Joan said that he had brought her to see you, and that he was intimate with you at that moment. 'Good heavens!' I cried, 'you're talking about Anthony Heron! Do you mean to say that you have fallen in love with him?' The porter had just told me,

you see, Lady Betty, that Heron was up in your room, and now I discovered that Joan was the young lady who had come with him. 'His name is Mr. Anthony,' she said. 'My dear child, I answered, 'he has only told you half his name. That is Anthony Heron; the porter has just told me he is upstairs with Lady Betty. He is one of the best-known men in Europe, and a millionaire.'"

"Oh, Harry, Harry," groaned Lady Betty, unable to contain her grief and terror, "I can guess what is coming!"

"Well, I don't understand anything about it," the young man went on. "Joan seemed taken aback, but she was evidently in a sort of dream, and she didn't appear to trouble much about his not having told her his right name. 'Will you come to the Rue Marboeuf with me and tell my mother?' she asked. You know, she's like a child. She gets an idea into her head, and she must act on it without a moment's delay. Of course, I was awfully upset, and I asked her if she was quite sure, and she said she was, and, upon my soul, I wasn't astonished at her preferring Tony Heron to me, as you may imagine, Lady Betty, seeing that every woman falls in love with him; and, as I knew he was up with you, and so it must be all right, I said I would go with her. She almost dragged me out of the hotel. I think she had some idea in her head that her mother would be angry with her for changing her mind, and she wanted me to make it right. She said she was going to introduce Heron to her mother later on, but she wanted her mother to know first."

"Yes, yes," said Lady Betty impatiently. "I understand that. Tell me what happened!"

"Well, Mrs. Tempest was just sitting down to lunch when we arrived; but Joan made her come into the boudoir, because of the servants in the dining-room, and then she told her just what she had told me, about having met someone she cared for more than me, and having asked me to release her, and my having consented, and her wanting her

mother to know at once. I thought Mrs. Tempest looked both angry and relieved, but, good God, I was not prepared for what was coming!"

Lady Betty was trembling with excitement; she gripped the young man's arm.

"You mentioned his name!" she muttered. "I knew it would happen."

"Well, I tried to make things all right for Joan," he said. "Lady Betty, what is all this mystery about? Joan told her mother everything in a few words, about meeting him in the Louvre and his telling her this morning that he wanted to marry her, and her finding out that she cared for him, and could never marry anyone else. 'I don't like this story of yours,' said Mrs. Tempest to Joan. 'It seems to me that no honourable man would behave like that! Oh, but Mrs. Tempest, it's all right, I assure you, I put in. 'He took Joan to see Lady Betty Somerville this morning; that's where she and I met. I know him very well. Everybody knows him.' 'What is his name?' she asked in a strange, cracked voice. 'Why, it's Tony Heron—the great Tony Heron!' I answered. And then; oh, Lady Betty, I hope I shall never see or hear anything like it again. Mrs. Tempest went as white as a sheet and stood for a moment and stared at us as if she were turned into stone. And then she said in a weird voice, that sounded as if it came from about a thousand miles away—'You mean to tell me that Anthony Heron has met my daughter in secret and fallen in love with her and wants to marry her!'"

"Yes," I said. "Surely you're glad, Mrs. Tempest? Anyone would be glad." And then she began to laugh. It was awful, Lady Betty—it was the laugh of a maniac. Poor Joan put her fingers in her ears, and I was just wondering what I ought to do when Mrs. Tempest turned on me like a fury. She gripped me by the arm, and absolutely dragged me to the door, and opened it and pushed me out. She had the strength of a lunatic.

(Continued on page 13)







# BELINDA MADE BEAUTIFUL FOR HER FIRST LONDON SEASON.

## A SECOND LESSON.

### DEBUTANTE'S CULT OF COMELINESS.

#### PART II.

With something of the air of an injured martyr Belinda submitted to the new experience of steaming, massaging, and thoroughly cleansing her face.

"What a bore!" she exclaimed, while the slim fingers of her instructor dexterously smoothed away the frown from her brow. "Am I to steam my face every day?"

"Certainly not. Once a fortnight is sufficient to use the face-steamers, but the cream and massage must not be neglected one single day," was the

whose face was really transformed by her handiwork. "I am about to give you a few hints in your new search for beauty."

"In the first place, I sleep with my window open as wide as possible, and in my own house I take care that every room is well ventilated," said Mrs. Temple, gently spraying Belinda's face with some eau de Cologne. "I take a hot bath every morning, followed by a cold sponge and friction with a flesh glove. Into my bath I put a bag of cheese-cloth, which contains one quart of bran, one ounce of almond meal, and one ounce of powdered orris root, with one small cake of purest white Castile soap shaved in small pieces."

"Do you wash your face with this?" asked Belinda curiously.

"No, merely my body," was the reply. "As a

who is over fifty, and only looks thirty, has never used anything to cleanse her face but lanolin, and I can recommend this to anyone who has no tendency to superfluous hairs on the face and who wishes to round out the contour of her cheeks."

"My neck and chest sometimes seem so yellow," said Belinda. "What can I do to whiten them?"

"Mix one part of rose-water with one quarter of an ounce of powdered borax and two ounces of oilmeal. Let this mixture stand three days, then strain it, and add one ounce of alcohol to keep it sweet. Use this every night, rubbing the liquid well in with a flannel, then bathe the neck and chest with hot milk, and allow this to dry on till the next morning. You will soon see an improvement in the colour of the skin."

"And what must I do for these horrid black

so slim and graceful. Do you practise exercises every day?"

"I never eat starchy foods, such as bread, potatoes, and rice, and I drink a glass of hot water every night and another one first thing in the morning," said Mrs. Temple. "Then every day I practise deep breathing before an open window, inhaling as much fresh air as possible through my nostrils and then exhaling it slowly. That assists materially to keep me in good health."

"And what are your exercises?" asked Belinda, surveying the slim, lissome woman before her, with the small waist and the finely-developed figure.

"I place my heels together, stand erect, bring my arms in front; then extend them above my head slowly, at the same time rising on my toes. Then, resting my head between my arms, I bend first to the right and then to the left. This simple exercise lengthens my waist-line and prevents any accumulation of fat under the arms. I strongly recommend this to any woman who has a tendency to become fat."

(To be continued. The first of this group of articles appeared in the "Daily Mirror" of February 1.)



Soft satin composes the evening gown illustrated on the left, the bodice of which is very becomingly draped, and fastens on one side. The model in the centre displays the new fichu bodice, made of gold-darned lace edged with a flounce of messaline. Lastly there is a corsage à points, with a draped lace bolero, which the sleeve ruffles match.

answer. "Now I am going to finish off with the electric battery, as your skin stands sadly in need of stimulation and there is nothing better for toning up the cuticle than electricity."

The gentle current of electricity applied by a small battery brought a sense of delicious refreshment to Belinda's nerves. Would her pocket-money run to a battery for herself, she wondered, and felt a keen sense of satisfaction when she was informed that a small one could be purchased for something under a sovereign.

"And now, Belinda," said the woman of forty-five, looking critically at the girl of eighteen,

matter of fact, Belinda, I don't wash my face in the morning, as other people do, at all. I take a piece of soft flannel, dip it in cold cream, and apply it thoroughly to my face. Then I get a piece of old linen, wipe off the superfluous grease, and my countenance is beautifully clean."

"I notice you have no lines under your eyes," said Belinda, looking at the smooth, white skin with admiration. "Do you never use soap for your face?"

"Never. But there are many people who prefer to use soap, and so long as it is really an emollient, it will do the skin no injury. A woman I know

speaks on my nose?" asked Belinda. "My sister and Lauffer terribly from them."

"In the first place, you probably are very careless in your diet. Eat meat only once a day, indulge in plenty of fruit and vegetables, restrict yourself as to sweets and rich cakes, and take a course of sulphur tablets. Every night wash the

### RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.



Mrs. Anna Weightman Wilker, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., who is believed to be the richest woman in the world. She is heir to over twenty million pounds. This is the first authentic photograph of her published.

black specks with some good coal-tar soap, steam the nose, press out the blackheads with your fingers, and then rub a little eau de Cologne over the marks, followed by a dust of boracic acid powder."

"Belinda," said her friend, "the other day you said you liked to gaze at me because I pleased your eye. Now, had I been too indolent to take a little care of my looks I should have sunk into a heavy, middle-aged woman too listless to care whether she looked well or ill."

"Well, I certainly don't want to get as fat as mother," was Belinda's unflinching remark. "You are

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

"Go," she cried, and, upon my soul, they must have heard her all over the flat. "Go, for God's sake, before I kill you for telling me this."

"I've heard enough," said Lady Betty. "You were right to come away, Harry," she added. "You could not have done anything."

"Lady Betty, do you know what it means?"

"Yes," she answered sadly, "but I can't tell you. Don't try to understand, dear boy, for everybody's sake. You did the right thing, anyhow; you did what you thought was for Joan's happiness, and that was very good and brave of you, because I'm sure you're very fond of her. And I hope, Harry, that you and Joan will be happy together yet. And now go and eat something, and come and see me this evening."

She shook hands with him warmly. She felt braced now, because she knew the worst.

The door of Vanna's flat was opened by the English butler, whose decorous face gave Lady Betty no clue to what had happened. On hearing the visitor's name he informed her that his mistress was in her boudoir, and wished her ladyship to go there at once. In passing the open door of the dining-room, Lady Betty saw the untouched luncheon-table.

The man opened the door of the boudoir. He did not announce her, but closed the door after her very quickly, as if he were in a hurry to get away.

Lady Betty walked into the room. Vanna was sitting by one of the windows. She was frightfully pale, and her hands were clenched in her lap. She sat as still as a statue, and there was no trace of emotion on her face.

"Is it you, Lady Betty?" she asked, without turning her head. "I asked you to come, because I must talk to someone. I am sitting by the window, because I must keep my eyes on the

moving things outside; the stillness of this room would drive me mad." Her voice was quite toneless but quite composed.

Lady Betty felt a sudden pang of fear.

"Where is Joan?" she asked.

"I don't know," said the mother. "I daresay she is in her room. I am trying not to think about her, because I don't want to go mad. I—I wanted to kill her a little while ago."

Lady Betty came and gripped her by the shoulders.

"Wake up!" she said harshly. "You've got to do your duty. What did you tell the girl?"

"I couldn't tell you what I told her," said Vanna in the same level, unemotional voice. "She will never look upon me as her mother again. I raved at her, I cursed her, I said filthy things to her."

"Thank God, she wouldn't understand them," murmured Lady Betty fervently.

"I behaved like a fishwife," said Vanna, with an impersonal calmness that had something horrible about it. "It has passed now. But I don't suppose Joan will ever forget."

"Yes, she will," said Lady Betty soothingly. "Pull yourself together."

Vanna looked up at her with vacant eyes.

"I suppose it is part of my punishment," she said. "You see, Lady Betty, punishments go on for ever, and the innocent suffer for the guilty, and men like Anthony Harrow are suffered to live."

"You must not be unfair to him," said Lady Betty. The subject was so painful that the words she spoke seemed as if they would choke her, but she saw that to thrash it out was the only way to save this woman's reason, tottering on its throne.

"You must remember, Mrs. Temple, that he could not know."

"If he is not to blame," said Vanna, "then the world is ruled by a demon—and we are fools to pray."

(To be continued.)

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tone went dull, not so much because of Paris, but owing to whispers about an outside firm here. Rhodesian sympathised.



## LONDON BOYS CHAMPIONS.

Why Metropolitan Juniors Deteriorate After Leaving School—  
Corinthian Shield Notes.

It is an absolute fact, verified by long experience, that the boys of London play football as well as their fellows in any part of Great Britain. In every match they have played the youthful Londoners have not only been the victors, but they have also displayed football of a superior class to that of their opponents.

One of these days, of course, this remarkable record will go by the board, but "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and the London boys have already achieved sufficient to make them famous.

Now, how is it that this youthful ability is apparently not sustained when the players become of more mature age? If the London boy is supreme, why not the London junior, and also the London senior?

The secretary-manager of any metropolitan professional team will tell you that it is no use searching for talent in town. The provinces constitute the land of promise; the London district is a barren wilderness. The true reason is that no systematic attempt is made to discover promising players. The talent is there, if there were any real effort made to discover it.

## Grounds Wanted for Practice.

At the same time, there is no doubt that in the majority of cases the clever schoolboy does not develop as he might be expected to do. Too often, when he leaves school, he joins a small club, in which his style of play is rapidly ruined. But the great handicap is the question of obtaining practice.

The young provincial can get from the centre of his town to the fields on its outskirts in twenty minutes easily. Thus, throughout the whole of the winter almost he can after business hours secure some ball practice.

Contrast this with the average Londoner's lot. A journey from the City to the playing fields is a formidable undertaking, and so, except perhaps in September and April, even the practice is utterly out of the question. Not only is this the case, but even the Saturday afternoon game is by no means easily obtained. In the mid-winter months the kick-off must necessarily be fixed so early that the average player finds it difficult to get away in time.

The inaccessibility of the fields is the great secret of the apparent depreciation of the London player.

## A Record Broken.

At the record of South London in the Corinthian Shield competition has been broken. The full list of the holders of this trophy is as follows:—1894, South London; 1895, South London; 1896, West Ham; 1897, South London; 1898, West London; 1899, South London; 1900, Tottenham; 1901, South London; 1902, Tottenham; 1903, South London; 1904, West London; 1905, West London.

From this it will be seen that up to this year the shield had never been away from South London for more than one season at a time. West London were the holders last year, and by again winning they have succeeded in interrupting South London's sequence of alternate victories.

The final tie, which was played on the Civil Service ground, was splendidly contested. Except in the matter of scoring, the losers were the equal of the winners, and they put up a rare fight.

There seems every prospect of a Scotch tour for the London boys at Easter. The match with Ebor will this season take place in the Scottish capital, and there is a probability that Glasgow will also be met on the famous Hampden Park ground.

Should London reach the final of the National Schools' Shield Competition, the boys will have a busy week, for that match is fixed for Easter Monday at Llandudno.

DOMINIE.

## MR. CASE AND NOTTS COUNTY.

Considerable indignation has been evoked in Nottingham by the allegation against Mr. E. Case, of West Kirby, the referee in the Cup tie match of Bury v. Notts County at Bury on Saturday.

Most of the Notts supporters present allege that the game was continued three minutes over the regulation time. It was during this overtime that Bury scored the only goal of the match and won the game.

The Notts County directors are lodging a strong protest, but it is doubtful if the game will be replayed.

## RECORD GOLF PRIZE LIST.

On Friday and Saturday, May 19 and 20, the Bushey Hall Golf Club will hold a professional tournament on the links at Bushey, Hert's, for £250 in prizes. This is the largest sum ever offered in connection with a single golf competition.

Forty-eight of the leading professionals will be invited to compete, and play will be under open championship conditions—72 holes, by strokes.

As the event will be of interest only about a fortnight before the championship, it will be of exceptional interest. The first prize will be £100; second, £20; third, £20; and fourth, £10. There will be two further awards of £10 each, two of £7 10s. each, and six of £5 each. There will also be two special prizes of £10 each for the best score for eight holes returned each day.

The winner of the £100, however, will not be eligible to take either of these special awards.

## NORTHERN CROSS-COUNTRY ENTRIES.

For the cross-country championships of the Northern Counties, to take place at Haydock Park on Saturday, the 18th inst., the following entries have been received:—Seniors: Farnworth Harriers (holders), Sutton Harriers (winners of last year's junior championship), Salford Harriers, Manchester Harriers, Liverpool Harriers, Hull Harriers, Darlington Harriers, Crewe Harriers, Crewe Tally Ho!, Seton Harriers, and West Cheshire Harriers.

Juniors: Warrington A.C., Stanley Harriers, Oldham United Harriers, Hollins Harriers, Queen's-street P.S.A. Harriers, Broughton Harriers, Wigan Athletic Recreation Harriers, North Manchester Harriers, St. Helens Recreation Harriers, Moss Side Harriers, Bradford Athletic Harriers, Hugh Oldham Harriers, Radcliffe Harriers, Rhodes Harriers, and A.S.A. Harriers, Middleton Harriers, Halton View Harriers, Prescott United Harriers, Elswick Harriers, Royton Harriers, Rochdale Harriers, Hull Spartan Harriers, and P.S.A. Harriers, Harncliffe Harriers, Leeds West Riding Harriers, Slaith Harriers, Wibsey Park A.C. Harriers, and Moutram Harriers.



To H.M. THE KING.

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